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THE FAMILY

OF

Harold Allen Thomas & Katherine Marie Sass Thomas

Genealogical Chart, Condensed Biographies, and Photographs

Compiled by H.A.T. in the spring of 1961 from
whatever family records and photographs are available

In presenting the condensed biographies, some repetition is unavoidable. An event which affects the life of both husband and wife or both parent and child will appear in more than one biography. In general, the biographies of ancestors before the present generation are short because no further information is available.

HAROLD ALLEN THOMAS

Son of
Calvin Thomas and Mary Eleanor Allen

1928711

This is a condensed autobiography, written in 1961

I was born on July 24, 1885 in a room rented by my parents on Thayer Street in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Shortly afterward my father and mother moved into a small rented house on Packard Street, where my first six years were spent. A journal written by my mother, describing the incidents of my early childhood is still in existence. My brother, Paul Bernard Thomas was born when I was four years old. I attended a private kindergarten near our home. I can remember pounding a tree with my hand to punish it for creating the wind which blew off my straw hat. It is related than my father, somewhat absent minded as becomes a professor, took me to the post office in my baby carriage. Receiving some important mail, he returned home without me -- to my mother's great consternation. When six years old I watched the carpenters building a fine new house for my parents. This was located at the corner of Hill and Tappan Streets, and was our home during the remaining four years of our stay at Ann Arbor.

My grade school education in the Tappan public school, just east of the University campus, was somewhat irregular. After completing the first three grades it was decided that I could skip the fourth, but in the fall when it was time for me to enter the fifth grade there were no available seats, so I was put in the sixth-grade room. Although I passed the work of this grade, I think that this irregularity in my early education left me with a lifelong weakness in certain topics, especially grammar and mental arithmetic.

The most pleasant features of my childhood days were trips to the woods to gather wild flowers in the spring and nuts in the fall, and to collect pollywogs, turtles etc. from the brooks and ponds. In the winter we skated on a nearby pond and coasted our sleds on the neighboring hills. The high point of my life at Ann Arbor was the gift of a bicycle on my ninth birthday. On this I explored Ann Arbor and its environs far and wide.

When I was ten years old my father was authorized to spend a sabbatical year in Europe. The journal which I kept during this year is still in existence. We crossed the ocean from New York to Antwerp in a small, slow steamer, the "Friesland". From Antwerp we travelled to Weimar, where we spent much of the winter of 1895-6, while my father worked on his research about the lives of Schiller and Goethe. For a while I attended a German school at Weimar and acquired a fair speaking knowledge of the language (which I have subsequently lost). My first lessons in German were given to me by my father just before we left Ann Arbor, using the galley-proof sheets of "Thomas Practical German Grammar" -- a text book which later achieved phenomenal success. Two other families

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from Ann Arbor, friends of my father, were also spending the winter in Weimar, so Paul and I had several American playmates. We had happy times playing in the beautiful Weimar park, taking walks to small villages in the neighboring countryside and skating on a pond called the "Schwannsee". During the winter my family made a visit to Leipsig and Dresden. While in the latter city I got an earache which developed into meningitis. I was taken to a private hospital for a mastoid operation and while there I was infected by erysipelas. I was lucky to recover from this serious illness.

In the spring our family visited Italy, following Goethe's footsteps. We stopped at Munich, Verona, Venice, Rome and Naples. At the latter place I was greatly impressed by Pompeii and Vesuvius. We returned north by way of Florence, Pisa, Milan and Lake Como. We spent the early summer in Switzerland, mostly near the Lake of Lucerne, returning finally to Weimar. While there my father received an offer to come to Columbia University at more than twice his salary at the University of Michigan. After much heart searching my father and mother decided to accept this offer.

During the first two of my father's 23 years at Columbia, our family lived at Park Hill in the south part of Yonkers, a town several miles north of New York City. My father commuted by train. Paul and I attended the public school. Although I was eligible for the seventh grade, there was a shortage of seats there and I was put in the sixth grade room, where I had to repeat work which I had previously taken in the same grade in Ann Arbor. Paul and I had happy times in Yonkers, exploring the region on our bicycles and playing in the woods and fields, now long since covered solidly with great apartment houses.

In 1898, the year of the Spanish-American war, I was in the seventh grade, when my parents decided to move to New York City. We first lived in an apartment house at the corner of 113th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. I completed the work of the seventh grade in the Horace Mann School, a private school connected with Teachers College. Up to this time my name had been Harold Rydberg Thomas. This middle name was derived from my father's interest in Scandanavian literature, but my mother became dissatisfied with this, so I was entered in the Horace Mann School as Harold Allen Thomas, which name I have borne ever since.

When fifteen years old I spent a summer in Europe, in company with my father and my uncle, Irving Bishop. We visited Scotland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Germany, France and England.

The scar from my Dresden mastoid operation had never healed properly but left a permanent infection. When I was in the first year of High School it became necessary to have a second major mastoid operation which permanently destroyed the hearing of my left ear.

Our apartment house on 113th Street overlooked the Columbia University tennis courts on South Field. Much of my spare time during high school and college days was spent on these tennis courts, where I developed more-than-average skill.

My high-school days at Horace Mann were uneventful. I enjoyed my classes and got good grades. My greatest pleasure was in the Manual Training courses. Much of my spare time was spent in the wood shop. In about my thirteenth year I received a camera for a Christmas present and thereafter I was an enthusiastic photographer.

The summer of 1899 I spent at Camp Penacook, a camp for boys on Keyser Lake in New Hampshire. We had many delightful sports and expeditions, but my most treasured achievement was winning the tennis tournament, in which several older boys were entered.

At the end of my third year in high school my father noticed that, because of my special training in German, I might be able to qualify for college entrance by passing certain examinations. After boning up on some Greek and Algebra during the summer, I passed the examinations easily and was admitted to the Freshman class at Columbia in the fall of 1902, without ever having had the fourth year of high-school work. I do not now think that this early entrance into college was a very good idea. During my first years in college I passed all my subjects with good grades, but I was practically a child among classmates who were men.

During my first two years at Columbia my courses in the College of Liberal Arts had a linguistic emphasis. I carried courses in Latin, Greek, German and French. Toward the end of my Sophomore year I was faced with the problem of deciding upon a lifetime profession. I had made the acquaintance of a very fine young man, Roger Toll, who was enrolled in the Civil Engineering course at Columbia. As a result of conversations with him, I became impressed with the joys of the open-air life of a civil engineer, and I decided to adopt that profession. At that time Columbia had a very liberal system of electives. During my Junior and Senior years in the College of Liberal Arts I elected to take the Freshman and Sophomore subjects in the Civil Engineering course. I enjoyed my engineering subjects greatly and got good grades in them. In June 1906, at the end of my fourth year at Columbia, I received the A.B. degree and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, but I felt that these things were rather deceptive because I had lost touch with my classmates in the College of Liberal Arts and was in reality a Sophomore in the College of Engineering.

In the first two years after I decided to take the Civil Engineering course, my summers were spent as a student at Camp Columbia, the University's summer School of Surveying, near Morris, Connecticut. The third summer was also spent at that Camp as a paid employee of Columbia, engaged with a classmate, Bill Carpenter, in making a topographic survey and big map of the 600-acre tract owned by the University.

While I was still in the Horace Mann School my parents bought a summer cottage on Martha's Vineyard, a large island off the Massachusetts coast. During my high-school and college days (with the exception of the time spent at Camp Penacook and Camp Columbia) my summers were spent at Martha's Vineyard.

These vacations were a happy time indeed. I was a member of a group of very fine young men and women, mostly a little older than myself. We played tennis and golf, went sailing and had dances at the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute building. During my Junior year in Engineering, my parents and brother spent the year in Europe, while I lived in a dormitory at Columbia. I saved my allowance all winter and next summer rented a cat boat, in which I and my friend Grant Burns lived and cruised on the waters of Vineyard Sound.

During my student days at Columbia I had an eager desire to be an athlete, but I was too light for football and was never Varsity material in baseball. However, I played on the basketball team of the Class of 1906, but was never heavy enough to make the Varsity. I also played on the Freshman hockey team of the Class of 1906, but was never rugged enough to make the Varsity hockey team. My most successful sport was tennis. I played for the allowable four years on the Columbia tennis team, starting as sixth man and ending as first. One of the high spots in my life occurred on a trip to Princeton in the spring of 1908, when I played my first match as first man on the Columbia team and defeated the first man on the Princeton team.

At the commencement exercises at the termination of my engineering course, I received the Illig Medal, awarded to the student having the highest scholastic average in the graduating class in the entire College of Engineering. I was also elected to the honor societies Sigma Xi and Tau Beta Pi.

After graduation from Columbia in June 1908 with the degree of Civil Engineer, my first summer was spent as a member of the Faculty at Camp Columbia, with the title of Assistant in Surveying. I had charge of the courses in Topographic Surveying and Solar Work.

This year of 1908 was a time of depression, when engineering jobs for new graduates were scarce. With 800 other young men I had taken a Civil Service examination given by New York State, and in the fall of 1908 this resulted in my appointment as Recorder for a Stadia Survey party working in the valley of the Genesee River in western New York State. The salary was \$62.50 per month. We were stationed at first in Fillmore, and later in Portageville. The purpose of the survey was in connection with studies for a proposed great reservoir, to be created by a dam near Portageville. I derived great enjoyment from this job but it terminated with the arrival of deep snow, about Christmas time. During the following month I was employed by Columbia University to clean and repair all the surveying instruments from Camp Columbia.

About this time I received and accepted an appointment as Instructor in Civil Engineering at the University of Washington at Seattle, at a salary of \$1200 per year. My work at that University consisted in teaching large classes in Surveying and Engineering Drawing.

A few weeks after my arrival At Seattle, some of my colleagues -- young Instructors at the University -- arranged to attend a dance given by the Eastern Star. At this dance I met the young lady, Katherine Sass, who was later to become my wife. At that time she was a teacher of the seventh grade in the Daniel Bagley Public School of Seattle. Not long after this my young Faculty friends persuaded me to join the "Mountaineers", a society of men and women, mostly young, who were interested in hiking and mountain climbing. Every summer the Mountaineers sponsored a long camping trip in the mountains, while during the winter they conducted Sunday hikes in the hilly and wooded country near Seattle. On my first hike with the Mountaineers I discovered that "Miss Sass" was also a Mountaineer. On this and subsequent hikes we spent most of our time side by side, and then began to take some hikes of our own. It came to be well understood between us that she would eventually become my wife, but, to avoid unwise haste in this important matter, we set the wedding date several months ahead. Meanwhile the summer vacation intervened. I was intensely eager to gain practical engineering experience, so I got a summer job with the Great Northern Railroad, doing surveying and office engineering on a new branch railroad which was just starting construction in the Snoqualmie Valley. Katherine went with the Mountaineers on a trip of several weeks, camping and hiking on the north slopes of Mount Ranier.

Katherine and I were married on February 5, 1910 at the home of Reverend J. D. O. Powers, who had been Katherine's minister in the Unitarian Church at Sioux City. Without any formal honeymoon we moved into a small apartment on Brooklyn Avenue in the University District of Seattle. The rent was \$25 per month, but I presently acquired the job of janitor for the building of four apartments, for which job we received a rebate of half of our rent. I tended the furnace while Katherine swept the hallways. Katherine was a fine musician. We rented a piano and I derived great joy from listening to her playing. We had happy times during our remaining few months at Seattle.

In the spring of 1910 I received a letter from President Mees of Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terre Haute, Indiana, offering me a position as Associate Professor at a salary of \$2000 per year. Since this was such a great increase in both rank and salary, Katherine and I felt constrained to accept the offer, though we both hated to leave Seattle. My work at the University of Washington terminated in June.

After that Katherine and I journeyed to Sioux City, Iowa, for a visit with her parents and her brother and two sisters. Then we journeyed to the home of my parents in New York City, where we spent most of the summer. Since I would have to teach Strength of Materials in my new job at Rose Poly, I was anxious to get practical experience in that field. I managed to get a summer job in the Materials Laboratory at Columbia, where I assisted Professor McGregor on his testing work for commercial clients. One job consisted of tests for the New York Prison Commission on several different types of prison bars. In later years I enjoyed telling my classes that I once spent several weeks of my life in a vain attempt to cut through prison bars with a hacksaw.

During the last week of this summer, Katherine and I made a trip to Martha's Vineyard where, after renting a rowboat and a tent, we had a camping trip along the beaches of the north shore.

My new job at Rose Polytechnic involved teaching a variety of subjects. I always had classes in Surveying but, at one time or another, I also taught every subject in the Civil Engineering curriculum. My especial favorite was Hydraulics. This was originally taught in the Department of Mechanical Engineering by Professor Wagner, but he began to take on a lot of consulting work which required his absence from Terre Haute. While he was away I was always glad to take his Hydraulics class, and eventually I thus acquired full charge of the course. When I received my promotion to full professorship the title was "Professor of Hydraulics".

At Terre Haute Katherine and I lived at first in a small rented house on Sixth Avenue. At that time we first came to know our lifelong friends, Clarence and Grace Knipmeyer. He was then Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering. About 1912 the owner of our little house sold it to another party and we were forced to move into the only place available for rental -- a very large house on Maple Avenue. After living there a year we moved into an apartment on the third floor of the Walden Apartments, on Seventh Avenue. Here Harold Allen Thomas Jr. was born on August 14, 1913. About this time Katherine's sister Clara came to live with us while attending classes at the Indiana State Normal School. She stayed with us for quite a number of years. While living at the Walden we acquired our first automobile -- a second-hand 1911 Ford runabout. When our second baby was expected we decided that an apartment was not a suitable place for bringing up a family. We purchased a lot on North Eighth Street, at the north edge of the city, and had a one-story bungalow built on it. The children later referred to this as "the little brown house". Our friend, Orion Stock, was the architect. Knipmeyers built their home on the adjacent lot at the same time.

Charles Calvin Thomas was born in the little brown house on his father's birthday, July 24, 1915. Katherine Elizabeth Thomas was born there on October 12, 1917, and Mary Eleanor Thomas was born on October 16, 1919.

From about 1911 to 1917 we spent our summer vacations at Otsego lake, near Cooperstown N. Y., where my father purchased a lot with a lovely view and built a fine permanent home, "Breidablick". Katherine and I lived in a tent house of brown canvas stretched over a wooden framework. This was a gift from my father. Later, when we had babies, I built a wooden addition to the tent house.

In 1916 while returning from Otsego Lake to Terre Haute, we visited the Knipmeyers at their summer cottage on Crystal Lake, near Frankfort, Michigan.

This was during World War I. I was just too old (31) to be drafted into the army, but put in long hours teaching for the Soldiers Army Training Corps.

In 1918 I contributed a short article on Flood-control to the Engineering News. This attracted the attention of Arthur E. Morgan, Chief Engineer for the great flood-control project at Dayton, Ohio, and he offered me a summer job on this project. I accepted it and spent the summer of 1918 at Dayton while Katherine and three children stayed at Terre Haute.

In the summer of 1919, while waiting for Mary to be born, and because Harold Jr. was in delicate health due to serious illness (typhoid and pneumonia) during the previous winter, we did not go to Otsego Lake but rented the Prior cottage at Crystal Lake.

My father died in the fall of 1919. We felt that my mother would have to give up Breidablick and we would never go there again. The Prior cottage was offered for sale so we decided to buy it. It has now been our summer home for forty-three years, during which period we have gradually acquired (in addition to our four children) two sons-in-law, two daughters-in-law and nine grandchildren. All have been with us at Crystal Lake during many happy summers. Most of us are very fond of sailing and have participated in innumerable sailing races at the Crystal Lake Yacht Club.

My first important engineering job, outside of my regular teaching work, arose in connection with the great flood on the Wabash River in 1913. The flood broke the embankment of the Pennsylvania Railroad and destroyed a considerable portion of the town of West Terre Haute. One hundred and twenty-six damage cases were filed against the railroad company. I was employed by the company to prepare the engineering defense. I worked on this project for several years, thereby gaining valuable experience in the analysis of hydraulic problems pertaining to floods. However, the cases were finally settled out of court.

Another early engineering project was the design of a concrete structure combining a bridge and a curved dam, for the purpose of creating an artificial lake on the Hulman property, a few miles east of Terre Haute.

In 1923 I received a tentative offer of a teaching position at Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, Pa. Katherine and I made a trip to Cornell University to attend a meeting of the Society for Promotion of Engineering Education. While there I had a conference with Director Mott and Professor McCullough of Carnegie Tech, at which their offer was confirmed and was accepted by me.

Upon our arrival at Pittsburgh in the fall of 1923, we found it impossible to rent a satisfactory place to live. This forced us to the momentous step of buying a home (on Hutchinson Avenue in the Regent Square district) Although our Terre Haute house was as yet unsold. The price was \$14,500, part of which we had to raise by giving a mortgage. We never subsequently regretted this purchase of a home.

My teaching work at Carnegie Tech was at first almost entirely confined to the subjects of Hydraulics and Hydraulic Engineering. Later I had occasion

to teach a variety of subjects. During most of my 27 years at Carnegie Tech my immediate superior was Frank McCullough, Head of the Department of Civil Engineering. My relations with him were happy indeed.

About 1935 we bought a two-acre peice of woodland near Murrysville, Pennsylvania, and built a small but substantial house on it. This house served as our week-end retreat until 1947, when we built our present home on the same property. Since 1947 the original house has been rented to our friends, the Fixels.

During my years at Carnegie Tech I had many consulting jobs or temporary engineering engagements outside of my regular teaching work. Only a few of these can be mentioned here.

Beginning in 1924 I did extensive experimental and mathematical work for the Standard Seamless Tube Company on the pulling-out strength and collapsing strength of steel oil-well casing. This study resulted in the publication of tables which received world-wide use in the oil and natural-gas industries.

The President of the above mentioned Company, Mr. W. C. Fownes, was also President of the United States Golf Association. He involved me in several years of part-time work in designing and trying out machines for testing the resilience of golf balls. For non-technical reasons the U.S.G.A. finally decided not to adopt a standardized resilience test for golf balls, but my work indirectly resulted in the famous change in the size of the American golf ball.

In 1925 I served part-time for several months as Hydraulic Engineer for the City of Pittsburgh, engaged in hydraulic studies connected with the design of a proposed system of great flood walls.

In 1927 I was employed as a consultant by the Pittsburgh Flood Commission to review a recent unfavorable report by the U.S. Engineers on flood control for the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. At my request Ross Riegel was employed to cooperate with me on the cost aspects of this study. Our report became a major factor in the final decision to construct the present system of flood-control dams on these rivers.

In the summer of 1928 I served in the Philadelphia office of the U. S. Engineers with the title of Senior Engineer, for the purpose of preparing a comprehensive plan for the future utilization of all water resources of the Delaware River Valley.

In 1930 I served as Expert Witness for the State of New Jersey in the Delaware Diversion Case before a Master of the United States Supreme Court, this being a contest between the States of New York and New Jersey relative to use of Delaware River water to furnish a potable supply for New York City. My assignment had to do with the effect of the proposed New York City reservoirs in altering the salinity of Delaware Bay, thereby possibly inflicting grave damage on the oyster industry of New Jersey.

About 1935 the National Safety Council chose Carnegie Tech to conduct a research on the Annealing of Chains. (Periodic annealing of chains is a safety measure to remove brittleness caused by surface hardening from use). At first I had no connection with this project, which was far outside of my specialty. However I was eventually called upon to give some advice in connection with the design of some proposed testing apparatus, and in this way I became acquainted with the Contact Officer of the National Safety Council. When the faculty members assigned to this project failed to make satisfactory progress, this Officer requested that I take over the project and carry it to completion. This I was able to do to the satisfaction of all concerned, fortunately aided by cooperation of engineers and metallurgists of the American Chain and Cable Co. The findings of my final report on the Annealing of Chains were circulated all over the world.

In 1937 I served as Consulting Engineer for the Westinghouse Electric Company on the design of a large flood-gate and by-pass pumping station on Turtle Creek at East Pittsburgh. The object of this installation was to protect the Turtle Creek Valley against backwater from floods on the Monongahela River. At that time our flood gate was the largest in the world in size, though not in power requirement.

Beginning about 1931 the work of building and testing hydraulic models of dams and other river structures became active at Carnegie Tech. To handle this work I created the "Hydraulic Research Laboratory" and served as its head for ten years, until World War II put an end to model-testing activities. Although the work was done in Carnegie Tech buildings, the financing and employment were handled directly by me. At times I had as many as 35 men employed on this work. We built and tested a great number of models of dams and other hydraulic structures for the U. S. Engineers and for various hydroelectric power companies. Among the major structures for which we built and tested models are. Calderwood Dam (Tenn.), Flathead Dam (Mont.), Tygart Dam (W. Va.), Monongahela Dam No. 4 (Pa.), Bluestone Dam (W. Va.), Emsworth Dam (Pa.), Madden Dam (Panama), Allegheny Dams No. 4 and No. 5 (Pa.), Saguenay Dam (Canada), Red Bank Dam (Pa.), Loyalhanna Dam (Pa.), Mahoning Dam (Pa.), Tionesta Dam (Pa.), Tuscaloosa Dam (Ala.), Emsworth Dam (Pa.) and Gallipolis Dam (W. Va.). This fascinating work occupied a large portion of my spare time over a ten-year period.

In 1943 Emil Schuleen and I presented a paper before the American Society of Civil Engineers, entitled "Cavitation in the Outlet Conduits of High Dams". This paper won the Hilgard prize.

A fortunate influence in the life of Katherine and me was the "Faculty Privelege" at Carnegie Tech. This enabled us to give all of our four children a college education without the payment of tuition. Harold Jr. graduated from Carnegie Tech in 1935. He married Gertrude Grimm soon afterward. Charles graduated in 1937. He married Betty Hook in 1941. Katherine Jr. graduated in 1938. She married Fred Bordt soon afterward. Mary graduated in 1940. She married James Allen soon afterward.

Following the death in 1941 of Professor Riggs, Head of the Department of Mechanics, I was called upon to serve temporarily as Acting Head of that Department. However, due to war conditions, this assignment lasted five years. It almost severed my teaching connection with the Department of Civil Engineering and terminated the existence of the Hydraulic Research Laboratory.

During part of the last year of World War II, I was granted a leave of absence from Carnegie Tech to work for the U. S. Navy at the David Taylor Model Basin near Washington D. C. The Project involved the design of an enormous basin for studying the turning and maneuvering of ships by means of models.

Shortly after the war's end the Department of Mechanics undertook a research project for the Chemical Warfare Service of the U. S. Army to study the ballistics of the liquid-filled projectile for the 4.2-inch mortar. The hope was to minimize wobbling and instability in the flight of this projectile. Changes in the Mechanics Department made it necessary for me to assume personal charge of this research, and for this purpose I was granted a leave of absence from teaching. I spent over a year on this project. At that time a research on Shaped Charges (as used in the Bazooka) was being conducted at Carnegie Tech under the direction of my friend, Dr. Emerson Pugh. At his request I was assigned to this project and worked on it full-time for about two years, up to the time of my final retirement from Carnegie Tech at the age of 65.

In 1946, Katherine and I started to build our present home at "Wolddale" our two-acre "farm" near Murrysville. In that year we sold our Pittsburgh house and moved into our older house at Wolddale. The next year we moved into our new home, while our friends, the Fixels, moved into the older house, which they have rented from us ever since.

Subsequent to my retirement from Carnegie Tech I have had several interesting engineering jobs. One of these was as follows. About 1952 the Governor of Pennsylvania ordered the employment of three prominent firms of consulting engineers to investigate the advisability of Pennsylvania's participation in the Incodel Project. This was a proposed vast interstate project involving the building of many huge dams to create great reservoirs on the Delaware River and its tributaries. One of the three consulting firms, the Chester Engineers, invited me to join its organization during the progress of this study. My particular assignment was to study the probable effect of the proposed reservoirs on the salinity of the Delaware river, a matter of vital importance to Philadelphia and to the many great industrial plants which line the banks of the river below that city. For a number of months I was busy on this fascinating project.

Later I was employed by the Chester Engineers to make a study of water-hammer problems in a long pipe line under design for the water supply of Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

In 1953 I was asked by the Allegheny County Sanitary Authority to make an experimental study of the opposing flow of air and water in large vertical pipes. This was to supply information for the design of the vertical inflow pipes leading to the great tunnel sewers then being designed by the Authority. The experimental work was done on a large scale and proved to be intensely interesting. For the Allegheny County Sanitary Authority I also designed and supervised the construction of large-scale apparatus for experimental study of a proposed new method of sludge concentration.

This was my last engineering job. Katherine and I feel that we are getting too old to take on any more strenuous remunerative work which requires me to be away from her a considerable time. We live a quiet life in our country home, passing the time by reading and watching the television. I have contributed several articles on boats and sailing to the boating magazines. I have taken an interest in the local history and have devoted quite a little walking and study to re-discovering the route of the old Forbes Road and the 1758 marching route of Forbes' army. Both of these pass quite close to our Murrys ville home.

However, the last spark of activity is not yet entirely extinguished. Last summer at Crystal Lake, in my 75th year, I made a clean sweep of all the sailboat races in the Senior Wood Pussy Class -- taking first place in two regattas and in the season's races -- thereby winning four trophy cups.

KATHERINE MARIE SASS (THOMAS)

Wife of
Harold Allen Thomas

Daughter of Charles John Sass and Fredricka Elizabeth Zimmerman

This is a condensed biography written by H.A.T. in 1961

Katherine Marie Sass was born on August 17, 1883 at Sioux City, Iowa. She attended the Webster Public School at Sioux City and graduated from the Sioux City High School in 1902. During her four years at high school she never missed a day's attendance, though the going on the long walk from home was difficult indeed when the winter snows were deep. During a portion of her childhood, her father owned a farm in the country. Trips to this farm with him were one of the pleasures of her early days. She played by the brook and in the fields. During her early years she enjoyed riding her bicycle. She practised faithfully on the piano and played in several recitals. She had a sister, Freda, two years older, a brother, Carl, five years younger and a sister, Clara, ten years younger than herself.

From early in life she planned to become a school teacher. In 1903, the year after Katherine's graduation from high school, she taught a country school near Wagner, South Dakota. This school was seven miles from Wagner on newly-settled land which had recently been an Indian reservation. She stayed at the home of her cousin, Mrs. John Weston, three miles from her school, to which she sometimes walked, sometimes rode her bicycle and sometimes rode a slow Indian pony. While riding to Wagner one day with John Weston in a wagon drawn by a pair of mules, they were stopped by two large timber wolves in the road. John Weston Drove them off with his long mule-skinner's whip.

In the period from 1903 to 1906, Katherine attended Morningside College, near Sioux City, summers and part-time, taking Teachers' Training courses. In 1904 she taught a country school at Salix, Iowa. There were some prosperous people in this community. A few miles away lived some members of the English aristocracy who had come to America. These were so impressed by reports on the excellence of Katherine's teaching that they offered her the position of teacher at their private school. When Katherine felt that she could not accept this offer because of her duty to the public school at Salix, these people discontinued their private school and sent their children to Katherine's classes at Salix.

In 1905 and 1906 Katherine taught 3rd, 4th and 5th grades in the Riverside School at Sioux City. This was in a district many of whose inhabitants were brickyard workers. Their kids were tough and unruly. Katherine was complimented by her Principal for her success in handling this difficult assignment where other teachers had failed.

In the summer of 1907 Katherine attended the University of Chicago. In the latter part of that summer she travelled west to the State of Washington. For a few weeks she taught in a country school in a remote canyon in the region near Ellensburg, Wash. This was a temporary assignment to help out a teacher who had to leave because of illness.

In 1907-8-9 Katherine taught 6th and 7th grades in the Daniel Bagley Public School at Seattle. In the last of these three years she received a double salary increase as a reward for meritorious work as a teacher.

During most of this period she lived with her room-mate, Alice Morse, another school teacher, in the "Lenox" apartment hotel. She became a member of "The Mountaineers" and was present on many of their hikes in the wooded environs of Seattle. While attending an Eastern Star dance in March, 1909, she met me, Harold Thomas, her future husband. While the principal incidents of her career as my wife are mentioned in my condensed biography, I will add a few random items here.

When I first knew Katherine she was a very good skater. We had some very pleasant skating trips, both in Seattle and Terre Haute. When too many babies came along she had to give the skating up. For quite a number of years Katherine taught the same class of six small boys, in the Sunday school of the Unitarian Church at Pittsburgh. Two of the six were her own sons. In the early days at Terre Haute I started to teach her to drive an automobile. She was making fine progress in the first lesson, but when she tried to pull up at the curb in front of our home the car refused to obey but turned and ran up our front walk, ending part way up the front steps of our house. Since then I have never been able to persuade her to take another lesson in automobile driving.

During the first years of our married life, when income was small and our family growing, Katherine had abundant experience in the practise of rigid household economy. There was no thought of getting the help of a maid or a dressmaker. Katherine fought an endless struggle with diaper-washing, family washing, cooking, dish washing, floor scrubbing, darning socks, making children's clothes and repairing them. Many a weary and anxious night she spent awake with one or more sick babies. It is strange that amid such stern and unrelenting duties she found time to have so many happy moments with me.

Before the arrival of our first baby, when we lived in "The Walden", Katherine attended some courses, mostly in German and English Literature, at the Indiana State Normal School. This institution was only a block from our apartment.

When living at Pittsburgh there eventually came a time when all our children had married and departed, leaving the home empty. Over the years Katherine had always had a wistful desire to do some hand weaving. Now the opportunity was at hand. She became an enthusiastic charter member of the

Weavers' Group among the Faculty ladies at Carnegie Tech, and developed into a really expert handweaver. The crowning achievement of an amateur handweaver is to make a bedspread, a job requiring colossal patience. Katherine made three of these, one for each daughter and one for herself. The last of these, a masterpiece of the handweaver's art, was shown in exhibitions in various parts of the United States. Another of her big weaving jobs was to make lovely linen curtains for the seven big picture windows of our Murrysville home.

Katherine has an earnest and inflexible sense of duty. She will never neglect any task which needs to be done. Many years ago, she and I lived several weeks with my father in the tent house at Breidablick. At that time she gained his respect and admiration. All who know her regard her in the same way.

It has already been related that I first met Katherine at a dance. She enjoyed dancing and was a graceful dancer. During our early married years at Terre Haute, some of the younger married couples in the Rose Poly faculty used to hold some very pleasant dances, at which we were present.

In Pittsburgh we became members of a rather permanent group of several married couples of about our own age, all from the Carnegie Tech faculty. The group met Saturday evenings to play bridge. In addition to ourselves the members were: Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Ihrig, Dennison, Collins, Blaisdell and James. These people became our best and dearest friends. Only about half are still living.

As I write these pages in April, 1961, Katherine, my beloved wife is near by. We had our 50th wedding anniversary last year.

CALVIN THOMAS

Son of
Stephen Van Rensselaer Thomas and Caroline Louisa Lord

Father of Harold Allen Thomas

This condensed biography was prepared by H.A.T. in 1961. It includes a portion of Calvin Thomas' uncompleted autobiography.

Foreword by H.A.T. The best way to present the events which occurred during the early years of my father's life is to give quotations from the unfinished autobiography on which he was working at the time of his death. In order to condense this to suitable length for inclusion here I have omitted his discussions of books which he read and other strictly literary or linguistic matters which influenced his professional outlook, but I have tried to include all passages which describe active incidents of his life. The original of my father's uncompleted autobiography is in the Michigan Historical Collections at Ann Arbor, while a copy is in my possession.

For a period of years Calvin Thomas was Chairman of the Simplified Spelling Board, appointed by New York's Governor Theodore Roosevelt and financed by Andrew Carnegie. The Board's objective was to bring about a gradual simplification of English spelling by persuading editors of books, magazines and newspapers to make use of shortened forms of certain selected words. In the case of the words "tho" and "thru" the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board have been a great success. These simplified forms are in quite wide use at the present time. However, other suggested simplifications have not stood the long-time test of public acceptance. Since my father's autobiography was intended for private family perusal rather than for publication, he enjoyed himself by spelling certain words in the simplified manner recommended by the Board.

(Here begin the quotations from the uncompleted autobiography of C.T.)

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH IN MICHIGAN

I was born October 28, 1854, on a Michigan farm about fifty miles north of Detroit. My mother, whose maiden name had been Caroline Louisa Lord was the daughter of a blacksmith who had lately come to Michigan from the State of New York. She was a Methodist, very much given to prayer as I first recall her, and extremely fond of reading. My father, Stephen Van Rensselaer Thomas,

belonged to a family that had recently migrated from a farm in New York. As a young man he learned the carpenter's trade and taught school winters. When the time came he enlisted in the War for the Union, fought under Burnside and Stoneman, and came out a Captain in the Tenth Michigan Cavalry. He then studied law, was admitted to the bar, and in time attained some prominence as a Republican politician. He was a freethinker, profane on worthy occasions, and a great reader of history and biography. A novel he would never look at, declaring that he could find plenty of interesting books which at least made a pretense of being true. I had a sister, Blanche, six years younger than myself. To the end of their days my parents were devoted to their children and to each other. We were a very affectionate and harmonious family.

From 1865 to 1867, except for two years while my father was in the army, we lived in a log cabin begirt with primeval forest. The place was two miles west and one mile south of Lapeer. Here my father had bought a quarter-section of woodland and built the aforesaid cabin to make a home for his family. It was a bracing life that I lived in my childhood; I have always recalled it with pleasure, though never with regret that I did not become a farmer for life. To this early experience, perhaps, I owe my lifelong love of the wildwoods. I can enjoy a fine park and good forestry, but there is nothing like the witchery of the pathless and unkempt woods. Somehow I seem to feel at home in them, even when I am lost and without a compass, as has now and then happened.

As I grew older I did such chores and farmwork as were suited to my years, but gradually lost touch with the soil after I left college. I had not then developed the strength for swinging a cradle, holding a breaking-plow or splitting rails; but gardening and fruit growing, felling trees and clearing land for the plow, harrowing and dragging-in with an ox-team, hay-making, raking and binding, raising and husking corn, thrashing peas and beans with a flail, chopping firewood, teaming, caring for cattle, sheep, horses, hogs and chickens, milking, churning, cheese-making, bee-keeping, and the making of candles, soap and maple sugar --- were all familiar to my boyhood.

From my eleventh year, the date of my father's return from the war, we always had a number of guns in the house and I became a notable hunter before the Lord. Many a half-day I spent, in the ensuing years, wandering about the woods or skulking Indian-fashion along the shores of the neighboring lake in pursuit of small game. I soon became a crack shot and it never occurred to me in those days that little animals were there for any other purpose than to be killed and eaten. I also had a set of steeltraps with which I operated in the winter, but my trapping never amounted to much. I generally found a skunk where I was looking for a mink or a muskrat, and skunks were then and there regarded as very much worse than worthless. The chief pleasures of my boyhood not connected with work---making maple sugar was more of a lark than labor---were hunting and fishing, skating and swimming, making bows, arrows and bobsleds, and gathering great quantities of nuts in the fall. I shared and have never outgrown my mother's delight in wildflowers. No fancy product of the hybridizer's art has given me half the pleasure that I had in the huge nosegays of flox and trilliums that I used to bring her in the early springtime.

As far back as I can remember I was a bookish kid---a braw hand at reeling off verses from the bible, memorizing poetry and spelling the school down. Even in adjoining districts I won renown as a diminutive spelling-prodigy who would sooner or later down every local champion regardless of age, sex, stature or orthografic pride. If I do not always spel in accordance with the fashion it is not because I do not know what the fashion is.

One of my earliest recollections is of being carried in my father's arms thru the deep snow to the little temple of learning---it was not red or of brick---over which he himself presided. ----

In those days we had but few books in the house, but there was a poor district library about two miles away thru the woods, and to that I sometimes resorted for something to read. -----

In view of my bookish proclivity---before I was ten years old I had come to the end of all things in our district scool---my parents wer not slow in deciding that such a chap as I must hav a college education, whatever that might be, for neither of them knew by experience. So I was put to my Latin and Algebra in the Lapeer Union School and took these and other hurdles easily as they came along one after the other. -----

Pushing along with avidity thru the conventional Caesar, Cicero and Vergil, and going far beyond the requirement in advanced algebra and geometry, I was redy for college at the age of fourteen---two years before I could be admitted. What to do with those two years? Luckily a new principal came into the school just then, and he advised me, on hearing my dilemma and surveying my diminutiveness, to take up Greek and prepare for the classical course. He assured me that this was the best. The idea had not swum into my ken, for never had there been in the school a teacher who knew any Greek. I would be a lone pioneer. I consulted my father who said in substance:

"Wel, I don't know anything about Greek, but we want you to have the best there is going. If the new teacher says the classical course is best, probably he knows what he is talking about. So you'd better take his advice".

I did so and was redy with my Greek in another year---still short of sixteen. However, by a special act of official clemency I was received, in the fall of 1870, into the freshman class at Ann Arbor. I was the youngest and for a while the smallest "man" in my class; in fact no man at all, but a mere kid.-----Pretty soon I began to grow rapidly, so that from my junior year on I took an activ, tho never a conspicuous, part in whatever sports there wer going at that remote epoch.

As an undergraduate I was most interested in Latin and Greek literature, tho I was also strongly drawn to mathematics. Sooner or later I sampled various sciences, but never really came to grips with any of them.-----

During my college course I never joined a fraternity, contenting myself, as I have done ever since, with the simple formula: What is good has no need of secrecy and hocus pocus. I did, however connect myself with two debating societies, and after a while I took a lively interest in college journalism. In time I became editor-in-chief of the principal college paper, the Chronicle.-----

Thoughts of Germany began--I cannot say just when---to haunt my daydreams in the hazy sort of way. But the necessary funds would have to be earned first; for my father, after a brief season of halcyon prosperity as an incipient lumber baron, lost everything in the panic of 1873. So great became the pinch that in the winter of 1872-3 I left college for fourteen weeks to teach a district school. I boarded around, making my home a part of the time in the shanties of some very poor Pats and Mikes whose good will I wish to secure for their children's sake. At times, in order to reach my school house, I had to wallow thru waist-deep snow with the mercury twenty degrees below zero. This happened not once only but many times. Of course I was my own janitor. No money has ever looked sweeter to me than the thirty-five dollars a month which rewarded the labors of that arctic winter.-----

At the Commencement of 1874 I was the last of fifteen speakers, all of whom has been personally drilled by Dr. Angell, the president of the University.-----

CHAPTER II

GETTING STARTED IN THE PROFESSION OF SCHOLARSHIP

The morning after Commencement I sallied forth into the world in anything but a jubilant frame of mind, not knowing what I was going to do. One thing was certain: henceforth I would paddle my own canoe. My father was now a poor man, virtually beginning life afresh, and I was sternly resolved not to burden him any longer. I had considered newspaper work, but how was one to get started? I had also thought of teaching. Indeed I had gone so far as to borrow \$50 of a friend and visit several high schools where there might possibly be a job for me. But it struck me everywhere that the schoolmen were decidedly cool and took but a feeble interest in my aspirations. (I was nineteen and very boyish in appearance). It was annoying, depressing, almost maddening. Was I not to have even a chance?

On reaching Detroit I happened to take out of my pocket the manuscript of carefully elaborated and then painfully revised oration in which, on the preceding day, I had demonstrated to the assembled thousands at Ann Arbor that Taine's formula of "the epoch, the race, and the surroundings" was not all-sufficient. The sight of the once-precious sheets brought on a fit of gloom and disgust. Who in the world cared about such a matter, and how was I going to make a living? In a savage mood of Faustian contempt for useless knowledge, and as one symbolically burning the bridge behind him, I threw the speech into the Detroit river and went on my way to the home of my parents at Lapeer.

Here I presently found myself operating in the sanctum of the Lapeer Democrat. The editor needed an assistant, and, finding that I could write, he soon turned over to me the major part of his responsibility. Without need of scissors and paste pot I made things hum in the editorial department, at the time learning to set type. This last I enjoyed very much, and I have often wished that I had kept at it long enough to feel myself a master of the trade. On the other hand I did not enjoy chronicling of local small beer, and the pecuniary and professional prospects were nowise alluring. So I was delighted to receive, one day, a letter informing me that I had been appointed a teacher of Latin and Greek at the high school in Grand Rapids.

So thither I repaired, when the time came, and in that lively and enterprising town, which I soon came to like very much, I spent the next three years. My work was quite to my taste, and ere long I had decided that teaching was to be my vocation. At that time, so far as I can now remember, I was little concerned with the fact which just now (October 1919) looms so ominous on the national horizon, that teaching is a very ill-paid profession. I knew very well that this was the case, but what did it matter? The main thing was to have work that one could enjoy and respect: this I now had and felt sure that I could count on it for the future. What especially attracted me to the teacher's calling was the leisure it seemed to promise for the pursuit of favorite studies in the long vacation. That amounted to a quarter of every year, and I had an insatiable appetite for books.

Withal, however, I did not like the idea of working permanently on a secondary school; and so, as residence in Europe seemed not only a good thing in itself but also the promising road to a college position, my daydream of going to Germany for study soon clarified into a definite plan.----

I believe I had fair success as a teacher; at least I have often been told so. Several of my pupils kept up friendly relations with me in after years, and an increasing current of youth of both sexes who were prepared in Latin and Greek began to set in from the Grand Rapids High School to the University of Michigan.

Among these aforesaid pupils was a girl of my own age by the name of Mary Eleanor Allen---a person with black hair and very bright eyes who came into my classes in Greek. Under my tutelage she made the farfamed trip with Xenophon from Sardis to Cunaxa, and had her ear carefully tuned to the lilt of Homer's hexameter as she took in the tale of Troy divine. She also did a large number of exercises in writing Greek, impressing me very favorably with the unusual merit of her Greek script. Presently it transpired that she desired to read Vergil with a competent teacher, but could not come at the regular class hour because of other employment. Might she not somehow have private lessons on Saturday mornings.----Yes, he would give Miss Allen private lessons ---for fifty cents an hour. And even so he did. At that time he felt much compunction over the taking of that revenue, for he knew that she needed it at least as much as he did. But it all came out right in the end. For the last thirty-five years she and I have been illustrating wedlock at its best in a nauty world that seems to get nautier and nautier, and she has got fair interest on her old investment.

In the summer of 1876 I visited the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, incidentally getting my first glimpse of certain far-famed objects that were later to become very familiar to me --- Niagara, the Hudson, the Catskills and the Atlantic. That fall I cast my first vote. -----

In the summer of 1877 I was redy to carry out my long-cherist plan of study in Europe. I had saved a few hundred dollars---enuf, as I figured, to keep me about a year and a half. At the end of that time I counted on paying my way by newspaper work and private teaching. During my three years at Grand Rapids I had rot red much Greek, but a great deal of Latin, and some German---enuf of the latter so that the printed page no longer gave me any difficulty.

In midsummer I crossed the ocean in the little old Anchor Line steamer *Alsatia*, and, after a week's sojourn in London, made strait for Leipzig by way of Harwich and Rotterdam. A sharp attach on colloquial German soon put me in shape to understand what I herd and to express myself decently, tho I was often chaft for the bookishness of my talk. They said it sounded like Goethe and Schiller. When the University opened, in October, I loaded up with courses in classical filology, also joining a class in Sanskrit, in which I had already been taking private lessons. Later I listend to lectures on Old Persian, Old Irish, and Lithuanian, and burned much midnight oil over Gothic. German got very little attention, tho of course knowledge of the language was all the time soaling in at every pore.

I soon came to like German university life. To be sure I saw but little of its seamy side. My associations were exclusively with the hard-working class: as for the dueling, the corps, and the excessive beer drinking, I was not even curious about them. I came to see that the great merit of the German university as a promoter of scholarship was summed up in the word freedom. The student was treated as a grown-up person engaged in a bona fide pursuit of lerning. He was his own master; no one kept watch of his movements, there wer no roll calls, no examinations until he came up for his degree. This ment, of course, that a very large proportion of the students wasted their time and fel into bad habits. But it also ment that those who were ripe for liberty and wanted to work had a fine opportunity. The sheep were not bothered by the goats.

In those days the American colony at Leipzig was strong in men of ability. At least seven of those I knew there afterwards won distinction--some of them great distinction--in their several specialties.--- In the spring of 1878 we wer numerous enuf so that we could usually get out two nines for a baseball game.---

I had been plodding along for nearly a year and was already meditating a Latin doctoral dissertation to be called De Aristophane Dialectorum Graecarum Imitatore, when I was one day astounded to lern by letter that I had been appointed to teach Greek at the University of Michigan. It was a bolt from the blue, for there had been no preliminary soundings whatever. The position offered me was the very kind of opening that I most desired, but there were

obstacles in the way. It appears that a certain professor, whom we will call P., had been given a leave of absence for study and then dropt for no avowd reason whatever. I had been appointed to take his place at the lower rank and salary of an instructor. And it happened that P. was then in Leipzig in daily association with me. We were the best of friends and wer reading Aristophenes together for fun. On getting our respctiv letters we took counsel together as follows. -----

T. "What in the world does this mean?"

P. "I think I see the fine Italian hand of a certain Regent who does not like me. He has notions about the study of Greek and is trying to hit me and at the same time save a few dollars by putting a cheaper man in my place."

T. "Wel, if that's the game of course I don't go."

P. "But I very much wish you would."

T. "Why do you say that?"

P. "I shall go back and demand that they either restore me to my position or else prefer charges. As there are no possible charges they will restore me."

T. "I hope so, but what has all that to do with your wishing me to accept?"

P. "Only that while the matter is being thrasht out I prefer to hav a frend rather than some stranger wearing my shoes."

T. "I twig you. But when they restore you what becomes of me?"

P. "Oh, having fot themselves into a scrape they will hav to take care of you somehow. You can teach any old thing, you know."

The proposition began to take on an amusing aspect. I had not enuf money to last another year and did not know just where to apply for an unsecured loan. But I was still yung. I could wel afford to drop out of the race for a year or two, save some more mony, and then return and finish that blessed disser-tation. There would probably be some fun at Ann Arbor. Perhaps the papers would tel of two dogs savagely contending for the same bone. I decided to accept the offer.

After a week's tramp in Thuringia I set out for Ann Arbor, having previously spent all my remaining mony on Greek and Latin books. At Hamburg I was attackt by a severe illness which sent me to bed in great distress of body and mind. I wrote to my mother that if she never saw me again she would know that I had died in Hamburg. When the time came for my boat to sail I managed to drag myself aboard and as soon as we reached the open sea I seemed to experience something like a magic cure.---

When the University of Michigan opened in September I took up P.'s work with holy boldness, as if I expected to carry it permanently. I carried it for about three weeks. At their October meeting the Regents, who as a body had never meant to drop the popular and efficient P., restored him to his position. Having now on their hands a superfluous teacher of Greek, whom they had lured across the ocean under false expectations, they proceeded-- that is, President Angell proceeded-- to make of me a general utility man and to distribute me wherever there was need of a fragment. I took over a class in the Adelphi of Terence, another in Latin-writing, a third in German, and a

fourth in Shakspeare. But it soon became clear that I was most needed in German, where there was a growing influx of students. So I was presently put to teaching that exclusively with the title of Instructor in Modern Languages.

I hav dwelt somewhat at length on this bit of ancient history by way of explaining how it was that a youth who certainly felt himself chosen by the gods to be a Grecian was converted into a Germanist. At first I had no thought of letting myself be permanently deflected from my chosen orbit, but now as I came closer to the great Germans of the eighteenth century, and grappled hard with them to find out what they wer really driving at, I discovered that to know them is to know the Greeks--plus a certain something that I could not clearly define. Goethe, in particular, soon began to fascinate me with his many-sidedness, his sanity, his penetrating insight. It was not long before the "science called Goethe" became my chief study.

In order not to be cut off entirely from my former pursuits I suggested that a little Sanskrit and comparativ filology wer needed at the University of Michigan, and that I would start them going, if permitted to do so, as an "extra." The permission was readily granted and from then on I had a good class. Sanskrit proved to be a rather taking novelty. -----

It was then explicable that when the time came for my promotion, I was made Assistant Professor of German and Sanskrit.----- I gradually gave up the idea of returning to Leipzig to write a dissertation that was no longer water to my mill and to take a degree that would be of no obvious use to me.

CHAPTER III

PROFESSORIAL LIFE IN ANN ARBOR

The winter of 1880-1881 brought me an overwhelming sorrow that for a while destroyed all my joy of living. Erly in the spring of 1880 I had been married to a Lapeer classmate Jennie Sutton, with whom I had corresponded regularly for ten years. We wer as happy together as a yung wedded pair can be and wer enjoying the prospect of parenthood, when she died suddenly after an agony of suffering in premature childbirth. Two months later I lost my only sister in the same way. This double bereavement was like a bludgeon blow of fate between the eyes. I had never imagined such a calamity was possible. At first I was in a stupor. Then I became rebellious, sick of life. The demons of hopeless pessimism, with whom I had fought an easy battle a few years before, now came back in tenfold strength, and for many months it was an even fight between us. Work lost all its zest, since there was nothing worth while to work for.

I felt that life was indeed vanity, and that the so-called consolations of religion wer the worst vanity of all, being nothing but a pitiful mockery.-----

The mood of apathy and listlessness which followed that of rebellion lasted a long time, and then Nature began slowly to repair the havoc she had made in my inner being. Gradually it came over me that I was not playing a man's part in brooding vainly over the pitiless order of the world.-----

A summer (1881) in Maine and Massachusetts, with long tramps and bicycle tours, proved helpful. On returning to Ann Arbor in the fall I noted that the world seemed a little less somber.----

In the summer of 1882 I was again in Germany--this time not to study books or hear lectures, but to tramp in the mountains, and live among unsophisticated men. With two congenial friends I walked in the Saxon Switzerland above Dresden, in the Harz mountains, in the Black Forest, and finally in the real Switzerland, coming home by way of Paris.

The mountains had largely cured me of my distemper and restored the elasticity of my spirits.

The next summer I spent mainly in Montana. First taking a look at the iron and copper regions of my native state, which I had long wanted to see, I journeyed westward to Duluth, then only a promising infant. From there I took my way further with the star of empire by way of the new Northern Pacific as far as Bozeman, Mont. Leaving the railway at Bozeman and taking a seat in the box of a stage-coach alongside of the driver, I rode southwestward over hill and dale for about seventy-five miles until we came to Virginia City.

The magnet which had thus drawn me to this out-of-the-way place was the aforementioned Miss Allen, with whom I had lately opened, or rather reopened, a correspondence which now proved rather interesting to both of us. She was teaching in Virginia City, then as now a small village with its future in the past. In that memorable summer I heard many a story about the brave days of old in Alder Gulch, when the panning of gold from the gravel was like picking up leaves from Vallombrosa, but all this was far less absorbing than the story Miss Allen and I had to tell each other. We did not eschew books and reading altogether, but Greek and the writing thereof was no longer a burning question for either of us. Five thousand feet above sea level in the body, and at least twice that high in our thoughts, we took long walks and horseback rides, clambered up Old Baldy, visited the Ruby Range and Weeping Maiden Falls, and made our plans for the future. We agreed that we would teach another year, put money in our purses, in accordance with Iago's sage advice, and then be married and spend our honeymoon in the European Northland. I wanted to study Danish and Swedish on their native heath.

On leaving Virginia City early in September, I joined forces with a casual acquaintance, whom I have never seen since, for a two-weeks' camping tour in the Yellowstone Park. We hired an ex-cowboy with a team, laid in supplies, drove three days up the Madison Valley, and entered the park from the west. That was before the day of the fine hotels and good roads which have long since

made the Park a trifle too civilized for the lover of things primeval. At that date there was much of the savor of the old pioneering epoch, and we enjoyed it all hugely. We had a tent, but never put it up, preferring, when bedtime came, to wrap ourselves in our blankets and sleep with the stars in view. We camped two days in the Upper Geyser Basin and had great fun wandering about among the marvels of that fascinating region. -----

On the 16th of June, 1884, Miss Allen and I were married at Grand Rapids, and an hour after the ceremony were on our way to Stockholm by way of Liverpool, Hull, and Goteborg. We both felt gently in love with the Venice of the North, which we explored together in all its nooks and crannies. To this day I notice that Stockholm has a pleasant honeymoon flavor for us, and we often garnish our breakfast-table talk with phrases in Swedish. This, however, only when we have nothing to say. Talking to one's wife in a foreign language is too much like kissing through a veil. -----

In Copenhagen, where we spent the second half of our summer, there was the same mixture of good fun and honest toil. -----

On the whole it was a pleasant summer of many-sided gain for both of us. We became familiar with the Danish, as we had already become familiar with the Swedish, capital, but were reluctantly obliged to postpone Norway. Returning by way of Lubeck, Cologne, Bingen, Paris and London, we were back in Ann Arbor by the middle of September. A new era now began for me: I was no longer alone in the world.

During my first lustrum as a university teacher I wrote a good deal for various papers of local range, interesting myself especially in the early history of the University of Michigan. -----

After a while I began to write for the Nation, breaking into its columns on Jan. 3, 1884, with a review of Japp's "German Life and Literature." From that time on contributions of mine appeared in the Nation rather frequently until the end of the century.

My thinking revolved about Goethe. My first paper before the Modern Language Association of America, at whose birth I had assisted in the winter of 1883-4, had to do with "Faust", and the Man of Weimar figures in nearly all my writing of that period. In 1886 I published a brochure on "Goethe and the Conduct of Life". -----

In 1888 I brought out an edition of Goethe's "Torquato Tasso", aiming to give my somewhat elaborate introduction a distinctly literary appeal. In 1892 my edition of the First Part of "Faust" appeared -- a book that has since made many friends on both sides of the ocean.

But I had no thought of being content with the First Part alone, as American and British editors had always been before. I had become very fond of the Second Part, and could not stomach the common notion that it did not

count. It irked me that a splendid poem had been given a bad reputation by men lacking in the sense of humor; for the Second Part is ---- mellow humor lighted up with a poetic symbolism nowise difficult. I wanted to make friends for it ---- by publishing an edition that would tempt people to read "Faust" as sensible folk read other poetry.

But for that I needed to live a while in Weimar. I had become certain that many a famous "difficulty" which had perplexed the critics ---- was due to suggestions from Goethe's environment. ---- So I formed the plan of going abroad and letting Weimar and its environs soak into me. -----

In the spring of 1895 I secured the needed leave of absence, and early in the summer set out with my wife and our two boys, Harold aged ten, and Paul aged six, for the German Athens on the Ilm. I had previously written to Dr. Suphan, director of the newly-opened Goethe-Schiller archives, to explain my scheme which at the time seemed rather quixotic. I knew that Goethe's house, after being for half a century strictly closed to the public, had now come into the possession of the Grand Duchess Sophie, who had opened it to the world as a national museum.----- On arriving at Weimar and calling on Dr. Suphan I found him more than cordial. He said that he had laid my letter before her highness, who was gratified that a man should have come all the way across the ocean to profit by the institution she was creating. The manuscripts of Goethe were just then in the palace, pending the erection of a new building, but I was to be given free access to them and afforded every facility for my studies. ----- I formed the habit of going to the park---also one of Goethe's creations---there to work up my notes with pencil and blankbook. My favorite resort was the Schiller-seat. Not a little of the Introduction and Commentary to my edition of the Second Part of "Faust" and some of my "Life of Schiller", which was already simmering in my mind, came thus into being in the park at Weimar.

When the days became too cold for open-air industry I applied for permission to work in Goethe's private library. This was then a new thing, no one having done it before. The genial Dr. Ruland, first director of the museum which had been Goethe's dwelling place, shook his head. He explained that the library was a jumble of books stored helter skelter in a dark cold room, with no provision for heating or lighting. He was of the opinion that it would be impossible to work there. But on hearing more in detail of my plan he saw that it might have merit, so he became my ally. After some pondering he offered to place at my disposal a little room which had a stove in it and had once served the author of "Faust" as a breakfast room. I could bring the books there and look them over and then carry them back; there would be no danger of disturbing the arrangement, because there was no arrangement.

So I went to work. Putting on an overcoat and hat, and taking along a big basket and a candle, I would load up with books from the library, carry them to the little room aforesaid, look them over, make my notes, and then fetch another load. In this way I handled every book that had the least promise

of containing matter to my purpose. Often I would be alone in the great house for hours at a time, except, perhaps, for an attendant or a casual winter visitor to the show-rooms. Sometimes an uncanny felling would come over me, as if the place were haunted, and I would wonder what the former owner of the house would think were he to come back by some miracle and find a North American rummaging among his books, papers and pictures.

This is the end of the uncompleted autobiography of Calvin Thomas. The following is written by Harold A. Thomas in 1961. Since all manuscript material pertaining directly to Calvin Thomas has been transferred to the Michigan Historical Collections at Ann Arbor, it is not feasible (without the great inconvenience of making a trip there) to verify the correctness of my memory on dates and other items.

Continuing the above narrative, the family left Weimar and spent some time in Leipzig and Dresden during the winter of 1895-6, in pursuit of my father's effort to find material bearing on the life and works of Goethe and Schiller. In the latter city I (then ten years old), had a serious illness requiring a mastoid operation. In the spring the family journeyed to Italy (in Goethe's footsteps), stopping at Munich, Verona, Venice, Rome and Naples. We returned via Pisa, Florence and Milan. We spent the early summer in Switzerland, mostly at Lake Lucerne and Zurich, returning to Weimar by way of a boat ride down the Rhine.

While at Weimar my father received and accepted an offer from Columbia University for a position as Professor and Head of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures.

Calvin Thomas' connection with Columbia University lasted twenty years--from 1896 until his death in 1919. During the first two of these years our family lived at Park Hill in the south part of Yonkers, a town several miles north of New York City. My father commuted to and from the city by train. During this time Columbia College was located at the old site -- 49th Street near Fifth Avenue. The University then moved to its new site on Morningside Heights at 116th Street and Broadway. At the same time our family moved to New York City. For a number of years we lived in an apartment house at the corner of 113th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Later the family lived in other apartment houses, all within a block or two of the Columbia campus. One apartment was on 116th Street near Amsterdam Avenue; another was on Riverside drive at 114th Street. After Paul and I left the family circle, our father and mother lived in a very fine apartment house on Riverside Drive at 121st Street, which was their residence at the time of his death.

During his years at Columbia my father taught classes relating to the German language and literature, supervised the work of numerous graduate students and directed the activities of a large and important department. In addition to his classes at Columbia College, he also taught courses at Barnard College, the women's college associated with Columbia. He was always busy with scholarly work connected with his authorship of books and publications.

About 1900 my father and mother purchased a summer cottage at Martha's Vineyard, a large island off the south coast of Massachusetts. This cottage had been deserted for some years, and its rehabilitation afforded my mother great pleasure. Our family spent the summer vacations there from about 1901 to 1911. The cottage stood alone on a large area of open land at East Chop. This area was called "the downs" and on it the local people had fixed up a kind of informal golf course--without any regular club or officers. There was no grass on the downs but the ground was covered with short curly gray moss, quite satisfactory for golf playing. The "greens" were of bare sand-clay. My father enjoyed golf playing and developed quite a good game, tho he never became a notable expert. We also had a family tennis court. My father was a good tennis player -- in the old-style game with strong straight strokes. As a child in Ann Arbor I had often enjoyed watching him play tennis. However, when I grew up to college age, his game was no match for the more sophisticated modern one which I learned as a member of the Columbia tennis team. My father was a fine swimmer. The whole family enjoyed the salt-water swimming at the Highland bathing beach. These were the days of the bicycle craze. Our family had many delightful bicycle trips on the roads and paths of Martha's Vineyard.

When my brother and I grew up and departed from the family circle, my mother was no longer satisfied with Martha's Vineyard as a summer residence. She came to feel that the moist air was detrimental to her health. She and my father did some rather extensive journeying in search for a new place for a summer home, and finally settled upon beautiful Otsego Lake in central New York State. About 1911 my father bought a scenic lot on the west shore of the lake -- seven miles north of the village of Cooperstown. My uncle Austin Lord, one of the foremost architects of the time, prepared the plans for my parents' new beautiful summer home "Breidablick". Before this was built my father spent a summer on the lot at Otsego Lake, living with me and my wife, Katherine, in a "tent house" of brown canvas stretched over a wooden framework. We were sorry that my mother would never consent to live in a "tent".

For some years after Breidablick was completed, Katherine and I, with our babies, continued to spend our summers in the tent house, while my mother and father lived in the new house. My father purchased a small power boat, driven by a gasoline moter, and in this our family had many trips on beautiful Otsego Lake. One of my father's greatest delights at Breidablick was his flower garden. He had a natural talent for raising beautiful flowers.

My family purchased a lot in the lovely Cooperstown cemetary, overlooking the lake. It is there that my father, mother and brother are buried. Following my father's death in 1919 my mother found it necessary to sell Breidablick.

Altho my own training as a Civil Engineer has not given me competence to comment on my father's books and writings in a scholarly way. I will try to state the bare facts.

Before leaving the University of Michigan, as mentioned in his autobiography, Calvin Thomas had contributed many articles, book reviews, etc., to various magazines, especially "The Nation". His first book, the "Thomas' Practical German Grammar", was published in 1895, the year of our family trip to Europe. The success of this text book was phenomenal. For nearly sixty years it dominated the field of teaching German in American colleges and high schools. For many years its royalties brought my father an annual income greater than his regular professorial salary. Our family never felt the pinch of poverty, so familiar to many of those who follow the teaching profession.

I think that the two most famous books written by Calvin Thomas are his "Life and Works of Schiller" and his "Goethe". The former was published in 1901 and the latter in 1917. As mentioned in his autobiography, much of the literary research which formed the basis of these books was done at Weimar in the Schiller House and the Goethe House.

Calvin Thomas' book on "The History of German Literature" was published in 1909, and his book on "Scholarship and Other Essays" in 1924. He was the editor of a number of American editions of books by prominent German poets or authors, and in each case he contributed a scholarly introduction or commentary, which in itself ranks as a major contribution to literature. The most famous of these introductions are those to his editions of the First and Second Parts of Goethe's "Faust". Other works of this character are his editions of Goethe's "Torquato Tasso", Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea", Riehl's "Der Fluch der Schonheit", and Freytag's "Die Journalisten". Another of his books is "An Anthology of German Literature". I will not here list the names of his many unbound publications, such as magazine articles, etc. He took great pleasure in his membership of the Authors' Club at New York, and contributed much to the humor and wit of the meetings.

In 1913, Calvin Thomas was appointed Consulting Editor for the great new edition of Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary. I got the impression that this assignment involved a prodigious amount of work. I think that he inspected and passed on every word in this colossal volume.

He was a member of the Modern Language Association of America, (President 1896-7), the American Dialect Society, (President 1912-13) and the Weimar Goethe Gesellschaft. In June, about 1904, he delivered The Commencement Address at the University of Michigan, and on that occasion he was awarded the L.L.D. degree.

In the summer of 1900 Calvin Thomas made a trip to Europe in company with his brother-in-law, Irving Bishop, and with me (his son). The party visited Scotland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Germany, France, and England. In 1905-6 he spent a sabbatical year in Europe, in company with his wife and son Paul. They visited Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Turkey, Greece, France and England.

Toward the end of his life Calvin Thomas acquired an automobile, a Chevrolet 490, and derived much enjoyment from it. In November, 1919, at the age of 65, Calvin Thomas died unexpectedly of what was then diagnosed as heart failure. Some years later, my own physician told me that, from a description of the symptoms, the cause of death was more probably a blood clot.

Subsequent to my father's death, some of his friends and admirers raised a fund of about five thousand dollars for the purpose of having his portrait painted. The life-sized posthumous portrait was done by Linder, one of the foremost artists of the time, was donated to Columbia University and is now in the latter's possession.

MARY ELEANOR ALLEN (THOMAS)

Wife of
Calvin Thomas

Daughter of Zenas Eason Allen and Mary Maria Wing

Mother of Harold Allen Thomas

Condensed biography written by H.A.T. in 1961

My mother, Mary Eleanor Allen, was born in Clayville, N.Y. on April 22, 1854. Although the record in the old Wing-Allen family Bible states her birthplace as Paris, N.Y., it appears that "Paris" was the Post-Office address for the place later known as "Clayville". The center of the modern town of Paris is about five miles west of Clayville. A memorandum in my mother's handwriting gives her birthplace as Clayville.

The first eight or nine years of her life were spent at Clayville. The towns of Clayville and New Berlin are in the Unadilla Valley, the former 11 and the latter 37 miles due south of Utica. Pittsfield is over the hill four miles east of New Berlin. When, as a child eight years old, I visited this area with my mother, she showed me the small house where she lived as a young girl with her father, mother and sisters, after they moved away from Clayville. This house was on the north side of the road near the top of the high hill between New Berlin and Pittsfield. This was not a farm. I do not remember any large barn or outbuildings. My cousin Bess thinks that the father owned several small houses near here and lived in one of them. At this period he was a stage-coach driver and government mail carrier, on the route between Utica and Oneonta. The family Bible record gives the dates and places of birth of my mother and her five sisters, of whom four died in childhood. From this record we can deduce that the family lived in the abovementioned house from about 1856 to 1860, or possibly a year or two later if the "New Berlin" birthplace of Annie, 1861, is interpreted as referring to this place. However, the family definitely moved into the village of New Berlin a little later, when they lived in quite a fine house on the main street. The father, Zenas, had become prosperous and owned both the stage-coach line and the village hotel.

As is related in the condensed biographies of Zenas Allen and his wife, Mary Wing Allen, the dramatic separation and divorce of these two, about 1869, broke up the family completely. Zenas went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where before long he married Maria Wing, a cousin of his first wife. The latter, my grandmother Mary, kept the two surviving girls, Julia and Maty (my mother, Mary Eleanor, was universally known as "Maty"). Apparently they moved back into the little house on the road toward Pittsfield, but presently Julia was sent to live with her grandparents at Clayville, while Maty, then 16 years old, was sent to live with her father and stepmother at Grand Rapids.

When I was a child my mother told me various incidents about her childhood and girlhood, but nearly all of these have now escaped my memory. The few that I remember are not the ones she would have selected for perpetuation but, for lack of others I will give them. There was a boy Hobart Light, a play-mate of the girls, though somewhat older, who lived on a farm across the road. When my mother was a little thing, Hobart invited her to watch him kill a calf. The shock of this terrible sight remained with her throughout life. When I was no longer a child, my mother, in an unguarded moment, told me a rhyme composed by the little sisters. There were four of these: Julia, Maty, Genevieve and Lizzie, the last two fated to die soon afterward at the respective ages of seven and eight years. I am torn by doubt as to whether to let this poetic gem of more than a hundred years ago sink into oblivion or whether to perpetuate it in the family archives. Because of the rippling lilt and cadence of the meter, I choose the latter. Here it is:

"Hobart Light got up in the night
And put on his father's breeches.
He went out on the stoop and let a great poop
And burstout all the stitches."

The family was living in the house on the hill when Julia was old enough to have a beau. My mother told me that Julia's beau drove up in a cutter to take her sleigh riding. He tied the horse to the hitching post, and knocked at the door. Badly flustered he got Julia and himself into the cutter, tucked the buffalo robe about both, picked up the reins and gave the horse a flick with the whip. He then realized that he had forgotten to untie the animal from the hitching post. All this gave great delight to Julia's little sisters who were peeping through the curtains of the front window.

I cannot clearly recall other incidents related about my mother's early life, the first definite fact being her migration to Grand Rapids. She attended the Grand Rapids High School, graduating about 1875 and doing a year of postgraduate work in 1876. She made a fine record as a superior student. Some of the teachers and students of those days became her lifelong friends.

While a student at the Grand Rapids High School she became acquainted with her future husband, Calvin Thomas, who was then a teacher of Latin and Greek at that institution. As mentioned in his condensed autobiography, she was in his classes and then took some private lessons in Greek, for which she paid him fifty cents an hour.

During the years 1877 to 1883 (while Calvin Thomas was studying abroad and was married to Jenny Sutton) my mother was a school teacher, at first in Big Rapids, Michigan, and later in Virginia City, Montana. The latter assignment, in a remote mining town far out in the wild west, was accepted at the request of her friends, the Milners. This family, together with other prosperous families of Virginia City, decided to organize a private school in which their children could receive a superior education. I think that my mother taught this school for three years.

As related in the autobiography of Calvin Thomas, after two years of bitter sorrow, following the deaths in 1881 of his wife Jennie and his sister Blanche, he journeyed to Montana to visit "Miss Allen". They were married at Grand Rapids on the 16th of June, 1884, and spent the summer of that year in Stockholm, Sweden, and other Scandanavian places, returning in the fall to set up housekeeping at Ann Arbor, where Calvin had already become Assistant Professor of German and Sanskrit.

The outstanding incidents of the 35 years of the married life of my mother and father have already been related in his condensed biography and therefore need not be repeated here.

After the death of my father in New York City in 1919, my mother moved into an apartment at 39 claremont Avenue, just north of the Columbia University campus. She lived there 17 years, until 1936. She had many dear friends among the faculty members at Columbia. Many of these friendships had started long before my father's death. Among my mother's closest friends were Professor and Mrs. A. V. W. Jackson, Professor and Mrs. Douglas Johnson and Professor and Mrs. Henry P. Seager. All three of these Professors were illustrious men, authors of famous books. Other dear friends were professor and Mrs. Wilhelm Braun of my father's department. My mother dearly loved people in every station of life, and delighted to make friends of everyone with whom she came in contact, from hall boys to scholars and statesmen.

After passing the age of 80, my mother's vision began to fail and her mind, though entirely clear in most respects, became less clear in others. I had to make quite frequent trips from Pittsburgh to New York to settle various problems for her. It eventually became necessary for her to break her precious ties with friends in New York, and come to live near me at Pittsburgh. We arranged for her to rent an apartment just across the street from our Pittsburgh home.

My mother had many fine pieces of antique furniture. These were the collection of a lifetime and she loved them dearly. All were packed into a large moving van for shipment from New York to Pittsburgh, but the brakes of this van failed on a steep hill near Johnstown, Pennsylvania. The van ran away and was demolished against a rock cliff. All my mother's beloved furniture was smashed to kindling -- a cruel blow of fate. A lawsuit against the moving company produced a money compensation, but nothing could ever replace the loss.

Extreme old age is not usually a very happy time for anyone, and this applies to my mother's last years at Pittsburgh. Her vision continued to fail until she was practically blind. She enjoyed being near me, but new friends made at Pittsburgh could not compensate for the loss of the old ones at New York. We had difficulty in finding a satisfactory companion to stay with her and care for her, and several changes were necessary. In March, 1940, she stumbled and fractured her hip. This injury eventually resulted in her death on April 5, 1940. Several days before her 86th birthday.

She is buried beside her husband, Calvin, and her son, Paul, in the beautiful Cooperstown cemetery, overlooking Otsego Lake.

My mother and father had only two children, myself and my brother Paul Bernard Thomas, who was born April 17, 1889 and died in 1930 of cancer of the stomach, at the age of 41.

CHARLES JOHN SASS

Son of
Johan Sass and Sophia Hansen

Father of Katherine Marie Sass (Thomas)

Condensed biography prepared by H.A.T. in 1961

He was born on March 24, 1852 in Zuglitz in the province of Mecklenberg in northern Germany. This province borders on the Baltic Sea just east of the base of the Danish peninsula. (I am not able to find the village of Zuglitz on any map in my possession but it is presumably near his father's birthplace, Machlin, in the extreme eastern part of Mecklenberg). This area is the prehistoric home of the barbarian Anglo-Saxons who invaded England in the third century A.D. According to Calvin Thomas, the name "Sass" is equivalent to "Saxon". Some of the inhabitants of this area speak an ancient dialect known as "Plat-deutsch" or "Low German". Katherine's father could understand and speak this, although he used High German in conversation with his wife or his friends in Sioux City. There is some uncertainty in the family records as to whether his real birth date is 1852 or 1853, but Katherine considers the former as much more probable. When her father left Germany as a boy about 17 years old he had to understate his age in order to avoid being drafted into the army. The family record is also not entirely complete regarding his early experiences in America, to which he emigrated in 1869. From the official birth records of Katherine's brother Carl and her sister Clara it can be deduced that her father gave his birth date as 1853 but it seems probable that this is an example of his consistent understatement of his age in order to avoid any possibility of trouble with the military authorities in Germany. His paper of Naturalization as a citizen of the United States is dated Nov. 1, 1880.

Carl writes as follows: "I think that father said that he came to this country in 1869. The Franco-Prussian war was in the offing and father didn't care to be involved, so he came to America. I think he gave his age at that time as being one year younger than he really was and he kept that up. I am sure that he wasn't a stowaway. He must have come steerage for he didn't have any money to speak of. I heard him say that he borrowed some money from a preacher in Buffalo, N.Y., and put up his silver watch as security. I think he never redeemed it. He went to Michigan to look for his brother (Fredrick, two years older) who was working on the Michigan Central Railway, building the road-bed. All father knew was that he was in Michigan, so he went there to look for him. So father got a job from a contractor constructing the railroad road-bed, and one day father looked up and saw his brother on the knoll of a hill watching the progress of the work. Father's brother had a contract constructing road-bed several miles away and he had come over to see how the work of the other fellow contractor was progressing."

This place was presumably near Three Rivers in St. Joseph County, Michigan, for, from another family source, we learn that Charles Sass went to that place soon after his arrival in America. Later he had a laborer's job at Benton Harbor, Michigan, where he was so sick with malaria that he could only work three days a week. Presently he went west with his brother and they took up a claim of prairie land near Sioux Falls, South Dakota. They were driven out by the grasshopper scourge and had to give up the claim. In this period he worked at odd jobs in various places, including the German settlement at Lansing, Iowa, ending up at Sioux City, Iowa. Here he first worked for the L. Humbert Co., dealers in hides and leather. For the rest of his life he was associated with the leather business, sometimes owning his own business and sometimes being an employee. When I visited the Sass family in 1910, Katherine's father was manager of the large leather-goods department of the Len O'Harrow store. He was interested in buying and selling real estate property, both farm and city, and by this means he eventually became quite prosperous, owning two farms, and a number of houses in Sioux City, from which he received rentals.

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In 1871, Charles Sass sent money to help his father, Johan Sass, his stepmother, Christina Peterson Sass, his three sisters and one halfbrother and three half-sisters (the latter very small children) to emigrate to America. The family was apparently quite poor. When they arrived at Lansing, Iowa, the father was gravely sick with smallpox, which he had contracted on the journey. He was nursed by members of the German colony at Lansing, Iowa (in the extreme northeast corner of the State, on the Mississippi River). Among those who nursed Johan Sass was a young woman, Fredericka Zimmerman who later became the wife of the son, Charles John Sass.

They were married on September 11, 1879 at Lansing and set up house-keeping at Sioux City. The rest of the career of Charles John Sass is summarized in the condensed biography of his wife (Fredericka Zimmerman Sass).

When a young man, Charles Sass is reported to have been lively and gregarious, easily making a host of friends. When I knew him in Sioux City in 1910 he was an important figure in the "Sons of Hermann" the main social group of the German colony. Later he made an occasional trip to Terre Haute to pay a visit to Katherine and me.

He died February 14, 1921, at Sioux City, Iowa, at the age of 69.

Clara supplies the following information about the eight-year period between the time (1871) when her father and mother first met and the time (1879) when they were married. In the days before the invention of household appliances and agricultural machinery, life on a farm was extremely laborious for both women and men. It was customary for young men and women from large families to go to live with families having fewer children, in order to equalize the work burden. This arrangement was regarded as giving such young women and men an opportunity to contribute to their own support. Thus, in the abovementioned interval, Fredericka Zimmerman and Charles Sass both lived with same prosperous family near Lansing, she helping with the indoor work and he with the horses and other outdoor work.

FREDRICKA ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN (SASS)

Wife of
Charles John Sass

Daughter of Johan Fredrick Zimmerman and Ane Katherine Helzhey

Mother of Katherine Marie Sass (Thomas)

Condensed biography prepared by H.A.T. in 1961

Fredricka Elizabeth Zimmerman was born Nov. 14, 1854 at Illingen in the province of Wurttemberg. This province is in the extreme southwest corner of Germany. Illingen is said to be not far from the large city of Stuttgart, but the latter is slightly outside the border of Wurttemberg on the north. The family home was near the "Schwarzwald" (Black Forest).

She journeyed to America with her family in 1866, when she was twelve years old, in a sailboat which took 59 days to cross the ocean. She settled with her parents on a farm at Lansing Ridge, Iowa, where the family endured the hardships of a pioneer life. When nineteen years old she helped, with other neighbors, to nurse a poverty-stricken German immigrant, Johan Sass, who had contracted smallpox while on the way to America with his wife and seven children, to join his son Charles John Sass. At this time Fredricka became acquainted with this son, who later became her husband.

They were married eight years later, on September 11, 1879, and journeyed soon after to Sioux City Iowa. At first they lived in a small house, where the first daughter, Freda Louise, was born on March 17, 1881. Soon after they moved into their larger new home at 211 Bluff Street, where they lived during the remainder of their lives. Katherine Marie was born there on August 17, 1883, Carl William on April 19, 1888, and Clara Josephine on September 1, 1893.

In Sioux City, Fredricka Sass had many warm friends among the ladies of the German Colony. At one time she was President of the "Edelweiss Sisters", the ladies' auxiliary of the "Sons of Hermann".

She died May 24, 1911 at the age of 62, during an operation for gall stones.

Notes by H.A.T.: I knew my wife's mother quite well. She impressed me as being quiet, friendly, sweet tempered, reserved and generally competent. She made a visit to Seattle in the summer of 1909 to visit her daughter, Katherine, a few months before the latter married me. At that time I was working for the Great Northern Railroad at Monroe and could not catch a train to Seattle until Saturday afternoon, too late to get into the stores. I was naturally very anxious

to make a good impression on the mother of my fiancée but, unfortunately, I was wearing my only available shirt which had very soiled cuffs. To solve this dilemma I cut the cuffs off the shirt with a pair of scissors, and pinned on some detachable dress-shirt cuffs which were stored in my trunk. Later, after we were married I was forced to divulge this secret when Katherine found the mutilated shirt among my belongings.

When I visited my wife's family in the summer of 1910 they were bilingual. The father and mother conversed with each other in German but both could speak clear and accurate English. The children habitually spoke English, but, upon occasion, could also speak German. Some sentences which passed in the family conversation contained a strange mixture of German and English words.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSALAER THOMAS

Son of
Calvin Peck Thomas and Hannah Grimes

Father of Calvin Thomas

Grandfather of Harold A. Thomas

Condensed biography prepared by H.A.T. in 1961

Born, November 2, 1830 at Pompey, Onandaga Co., N.Y.

Married to Caroline Louisa Lord, November 6, 1850, at Goodrich, Genesee Co., Michigan. Died 1905 at West Branch, Ogemaw Co., Michigan at the age of 75.

As a boy, Stephen Thomas lived on a farm near Pompey, N.Y. In 1847, when he was 17 years old, he came to Michigan, where he lived near Oxford, Oakland Co. until his marriage in 1850 at the age of 20. After that he and his wife lived in a log cabin built by his own hands on a pioneer farm two miles west and one mile south of Lapeer, Michigan. As a child I (H.A.T.) saw this tiny log cabin -- at first intact, later in ruins and still later merely a greener spot of grass. The family bible lists the birthplace of Calvin Thomas (1854) as Metamora, and the birthplace of his sister Blanche (1860) as Elba. These place names refer to tiny villages in the vicinity. The log cabin was not far from Nippissing Lake.

Calvin Thomas' uncompleted autobiography, quoted elsewhere in these pages, states that his father Stephen Van R. Thomas, while a young man at Oxford, Michigan, learned the carpenter's trade and taught school winters. In the Civil War he fought under Burnside and Stoneman and came out a captain. He then studied law, was admitted to the bar and in time attained some prominence as a Republican politician. For other comments on Stephen Van R. Thomas see the condensed biography of Calvin Thomas.

About 1872 Stephen Thomas apparently became a trader in forest lands or was otherwise connected with the lumber industry. He was perhaps on the way to wealth, for the following sentences occur in Calvin Thomas' uncompleted autobiography: " --- for my father, after a brief season of halcyon prosperity as a lumber baron, lost everything in the panic of 1873. So great became the pinch that in the winter of 1872-3 I left college to teach a district school. --- --The morning after Commencement (1874) I sallied forth. My father was now a poor man, virtually beginning life afresh." There is no record on the details of how Stephen Thomas recouped his fortunes. Presumably he had begun his study of the law before this.

In 1875 Stephen and Caroline Thomas moved north to West Branch in Ogemaw Co., where they spent the remainder of their lives. They are buried there in the Brookside Cemetary. It is to be presumed that the move to West Branch was occasioned by the better opportunities for a lawyer in that newly-settled community. During my childhood, my parents took me to West Branch practically every summer to visit my grandfather and grandmother. At first they lived in a small green rented house on Main Street, near the railway station. Later they moved to a good new house of moderate size on a few acres of land in northeast corner of the village.

This was primitive country where lumbering was still in progress. Every summer the air was thick with the smoke of forest fires. My grandfather was Judge of Probate for Ogemaw County, and was greatly liked and esteemed by the local people. He kept a cow and did some gardening and small-scale farming on his few acres of land. The region was laced by innumerable streams of clear, cold water which teemed with brook trout. My grandfather and father were extremely fond of trout-fishing expeditions, often accompaned by me -- a small boy. My grandmother was expert at frying brook trout to the maximum degree of deliciousness. Other kinds of fish were scorned in those days, but once, for my special amusement, my grandfather took us to Peach Lake, where a farmer friend of his kept an old rowboat. This lake was so full of fish -- perch, bass and sunfish -- that we could have filled the boat with them in a short time.

My grandfather was very strict about safety precautions in the use of fire-arms. During the Civil War the company he commanded was assigned the duty of disarming the civilian population in Tennessee. When he returned home he brought with him quite a collection of curious guns and pistols. Most of these had disappeared by the time I reached small-boy age, but while rummaging around in the attic of his house at West Branch I came across a strange four-barreled pistol of heavy caliber. I took this weapon outdoors to show to my grandfather, just as he was returning from the barn with a brand-new pail containing milk. He had not seen this pistol for many years and had almost forgotten its existence, but taking it in his hand he aimed it at the milk pail and pulled the trigger. There was a tremendous bang and the milk spurted out through two big holes. My grandfather did not utter a word but got a shovel, dug a hole in the ground at least four feet deep and buried the pistol in it. In spite of all efforts at secrecy, word of this incident leaked out to some of my grandfather's political cronies, and to the end of his days they never ceased teasing him about it.

My grandfather, Stephen Thomas, was fond of using his jackknife to whittle the clear, soft white pine (now almost priceless) which was then everywhere in use for even the humblest purposes, such as sidewalks, sheds and fence boards. He was very skilful at this pastime and could whittle out objects extremely interesting to his small grandson. My father, Calvin Thomas, was also an expert whittler.

CAROLINE LOUISA LORD (THOMAS)

Wife of
Stephen Van R. Thomas

Daughter of Stephen Lord and Caroline Badger

Mother of Calvin Thomas

Grandmother of Harold Allen Thomas

Data compiled by H.A.T. in 1961

Born October 21, 1830 at Sheridan Chautauqua Co., N.Y. Married to Stephen Van Renssalaer Thomas, November 6, 1850, at Goodrich, Genesee Co. Michigan.

The uncompleted autobiography of her son, Calvin Thomas, states that the father of his mother was a blacksmith who had lately (i.e. prior to Calvin's birth in 1854) had migrated from New York to Michigan. From another source we learn that her father lived at Sheridan, Chautauqua Co. N.Y. and that he came to Michigan about 1835. Simple arithmetic shows that Caroline must have been about fifteen years old at the time of this migration. Her father from then on lived in Oakland Co. Michigan. We have no record of the name of the town in or near which he lived, but it was presumably in the western portion of Oakland County, since the town Goodrich where Caroline was married is just outside the west border of that county. The town, Sheridan, N.Y., where the family lived prior to coming to Michigan is located on the south shore of Lake Erie, not far from the small city of Dunkirk.

For the places of my grandmother's residence subsequent to her marriage to Stephen Thomas, see his condensed biography.

My Grandmother, Caroline Thomas, was of kindly but serious disposition. She was the pillar and mainstay of the Methodist Church at West Branch. She was a wonderful cook -- with unequalled skill at making cookies or frying brook trout. My grandparents' house, like other country or village houses of the era, had a "cool-room" with a floor considerably below ground level. In this was a large table on which the shallow milk pans stood while the cream was rising. This cream was converted to butter in a wooden hand-churn.

My grandmother died on December 8, 1912, at West Branch, at the age of 82.

Stephen and Caroline Lord had three children:

Charlie Sherman T., born, October 14, 1851. Died in infancy.

Calvin T., born, September 28, 1854, at Metamora (near Lapeer) Michigan.

Blanche T., born, January 5, 1860 at Elba (near Lapeer) Michigan.

She married Enos C. White at West Branch, Michigan, on December 30,

1879. She died in childbirth September 13, 1881. She was a young

woman of great beauty -- a fine pianist. Dearly beloved by her brother C.T.

ZENAS EASON ALLEN

Son of

Eason Allen and Sarah Van Alstine

Father of Mary Eleanor Allen (Thomas)

Grandfather of Harold Allen Thomas

Data compiled by H.A.T. in 1961

Zenas Eason Allen was born Nov. 26, 1825 at Clayville N.Y. a village eleven miles south of Utica. He presumably spent his childhood and youth in this village. In early manhood he drove a stage coach between Utica N.Y. and Oneonta N.Y. His obituary (written in 1902) says that "he served many years as an overland mail carrier for the government. There is still pending before the War Department a claim of his brother and himself for services during the war". Presumably this service as a public mail carrier exempted him from being drafted as a soldier in the Civil War.

He married Mary Maria Wing Dec. 27, 1848. They had six children, all girls, of whom only two: Julia Wing (Bishop) and Mary Eleanor (Thomas) survived childhood.

When I (H.A.T.) was a child about eight years old I accompanied my mother on a visit to her mother at New Berlin, N.Y. At that time we took a carriage ride on which my mother showed me a small house where she lived as a child with her father, mother and sisters. This was on the north side of the road near the top of the high hill on the road from New Berlin to Pittsfield. These two villages are four miles apart. The place did not impress me as being a farm on any large scale. I do not remember any large barn or outbuildings.

At a date which I do not know accurately, but was presumably about 1869, Zenas Allen and his wife, Mary Maria Wing (Allen) were divorced for a reason never divulged to me. This was in an era when divorce was extremely unusual. He subsequently married Maria Wing, a relative of his first wife. They had one son Sumner Allen. They came to Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1870, where he eventually became a prosperous furniture manufacturer. His first wife, my grandmother, subsequently married N. C. Moore of Pittsfield, N. Y.

The following quotation is from the obituary of Zenas E. Allen in a Grand Rapids newspaper for Nov. 4, 1902. "Z. E. Allen, one of the pioneer furniture men of Grand Rapids, peacefully breathed his last at his family home on Coit Ave. yesterday (Nov. 2) at noon. Seven years more than the allotted three score years and ten, he had lived laboring hard almost up to the day of his

death, and the physician who attended him during his last illness ascribed the immediate cause of death to old age and general giving away of the body which had so long fought its part in the battle of life. (Age 77)

"For more than thirty years, Mr. Allen has been identified with Grand Rapids business enterprises. Born in Clayville, N.Y. on Nov. 26, 1825, he came to Grand Rapids in 1870. Here he started a carpet sweeper company and continued in that business making the "Jewell" sweeper up to 1882, when he sold out to M. R. Bissell. That same year Mr. Allen bought a frame building designed for factory purposes. It was between Canal Street and the river, north of Bridge Street, and was considered good property. In it Mr. Allen started the manufacture of furniture, making tables and bed-room furniture, but before the year was over the plant had taken fire and the building and stock were completely destroyed. Undaunted by this ill luck, Mr. Allen built in 1891 a handsome brick building. Two years ago (1902) fire again visited his plant, completely wiping out one of his two buildings. Steps were taken at once to arrange for the refurnishing with machinery and the business was continued at the same location on Mill street and Canal street, but a short time ago Mr. Allen arranged to sell out to the Grand Rapids Table Company, and his son (Sumner) has been engaged in settling up the affairs of the concern at which his father had been so many years at the head".

As a child I (H.A.T.) often visited the Grand Rapids home of my Grandfather Zenas and his second wife Maria. The home was a handsome brick house on Coit Ave. There was a stable in which my grandfather kept carriages and spirited horses which he (an ex-stage-coach driver) handled with consummate ease. I was fascinated by the furniture factory. There were two buildings. The older wooden one was on the river bank while the new brick one spanned the main power canal. At that time my grandfather was engaged in mass production of the cheap golden-oak furniture which was then in vogue among the whole population. Remarkable machines were used for mass production of the ornate carving and scroll work. In 1893 when I visited the factory, it was engaged in making a great number of folding camp stools for sale at the Chicago World's Fair.

When my grandfather came to Michigan in 1870, he brought with him his daughter Mary Eleanor (my mother), then seventeen years old. Her sister Julia stayed in New York State, but I do not now know whether she lived with her divorced mother or whether she was married immediately.

A memorandum by my mother contains the following sentence: "Zenas Allen invented what was later known as the Bissell Carpet Sweeper, the right to the manufacture of which he sold to a then-needy friend Melville Bissell, who later became very wealthy" (as a result of this transaction).

Since writing the above I sent a letter to my cousin Bess, the daughter of my mother's sister, Julia, asking for any information which she might have on the life of Zenas Allen and, in particular, on the causes leading to his divorce

from his wife Mary. Bess -- Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop Williams -- is a widow 81 years old, living at Pacific Grove, California. Her reply to my letter is very revealing and I will quote it in full in my condensed biography of Mary Maria Wing (Allen) (Moore), repeating here only the items which refer especially to Zenas. Bess also sent me the record of births, marriages and deaths from the old Allen family bible. This clears up many uncertainties about dates and places.

For the first eight or nine years after the marriage of Zenas and Mary in 1848, the bible record indicates that they lived at Paris, N.Y., where the first four of their six daughters were born. It is my opinion that the word "Paris" here refers to the place which was originally known as "Paris Furnace" and later as "Clayville". The present town of Paris is located about five miles west of Clayville, but in the early days the name "Paris" presumably applied to a larger area, including the site of future Clayville. Perhaps Paris was the post office for the area. A memorandum in my mother's handwriting states that she was born in Clayville. We do not know whether the young married couple lived in the home of Zenas' parents, Eason and Sarah Van Alstine Allen, or whether they had a house of their own, possibly out in the Paris direction. Thus the first thirty-one or thirty-two years of Zenas' life were spent in close association with his father, who was a house builder and an expert maker of wooden patterns for the foundry of the Paris Furnace. Undoubtedly this experience gave Zenas that knowledge of woodworking which formed the basis of his later success as a manufacturer of furniture.

Later the family moved into the small house, previously mentioned, on the road between New Berlin and Pittsfield. At this time Zenas was a stage-coach driver and carrier of the mail. Still later, about 1860, the family moved into New Berlin, where they lived in quite a fine house. By about 1868, when Zenas was 43 years old, he had become a principal citizen of New Berlin. He owned the stage-coach line operating in the Unadilla Valley, connecting Utica and Oneonta, and he owned and ran the hotel at New Berlin. Four of his six daughters had died from various childhood diseases, the only survivors being Julia, aged 18, and "Maty", aged 16. (During her childhood and later life my mother, Mary Eleanor, was known to all her friends as "Maty").

The wife, my grandmother Mary, was an earnest, high-minded woman in whom the instinct to be a conventional wife and mother fought a losing battle with a boundless yearning to do something great and wonderful for humanity, regardless of self-sacrifice. History records the names of other women of that type -- dedicated workers for noble causes. This yearning let her to join and work for many different cults or "isms" of altruistic, novel or mystical nature. Examples are Abolitionism and Spiritualism. From the viewpoint of a later generation it appears that Mary's leaning toward the mystic and her ready enthusiasm for new causes sometimes obscured her judgment about the lasting merit of these causes. According to Bess, some of the causes for which Mary worked so earnestly now seem "queer" or "off-beat", while her warm, loving and unsuspecting nature sometimes made her the associate of persons who

would now be classed as "crack-pot". These activities caused her to be absent from her home and family for long periods. My mother, Maty, always regarded her mother, Mary, as a saint. However, it is presumably that Mary's bizarre enthusiasms and long absences from home may have rendered Zenas' married life intolerable.

While away from New Berlin, it was Mary's custom to leave her home, including Zenas and the two girls, in charge of her young and charming cousin, Marie Wing. About 1868, during one of his wife's absences from home, Zenas astounded and shocked the community by taking off for Michigan with the beautiful cousin, leaving behind his house, family and worldly goods.

There are two possible ways in which we can interpret this remarkable episode in the life of Zenas Allen: (1) a wild and impulsive yielding to illicit passion and (2) a resolute and reasoned decision to defy convention in order to terminate decisively an intolerable marriage situation. Perhaps both of these elements were involved. Of the legal divorce and re-marriage, which came later, we have no details. Mary kept the two girls with her for a while, but presently Julia went to live with her father's parents at Clayville, while Maty joined her Father at Grand Rapids.

I knew my grandfather, Zenas Allen, very well. Practically every summer from my earliest childhood until the time of his death in my seventeenth year, I was taken by my parents to visit the fine Grand Rapids home of Zenas and his second wife, Maria. They led a quiet life which gave no hint of any past emotional hurricane. It was obvious that my grandfather, a successful manufacturer, was a man having great strength of character and resoluteness of action. It is my opinion that, of the two possible reasons suggested above for his separation from his first wife, the second is the more consistent with his known character.

MARY MARIA WING (ALLEN) (MOORE)

Daughter of

John Wing (4) and Julia Ann Dickinson

Mother of Mary Eleanor Allen Thomas

Grandmother of Harold Allen Thomas

Condensed biography prepared by H.A.T. in 1961

Mary Maria Wing was born May 28, 1828 at "Butternuts" (Laurens) N.Y. She married Zenas Eason Allen on Dec. 27, 1845 at Whitesboro, N.Y. She had a second marriage with N.C. Moore, date and place not recorded. She died Jan. 2, 1895 at Pittsfield, N.Y. at the age of 67.

I know nothing of her early life, presumably on the old Wing farm at Laurens, or of her education. Her later accomplishments and writings show her as a woman of culture, who must have been well-educated. My mother related that when Grandma Mary was a young woman she spent a year in the home of a famous Abolitionist leader, supposed by my mother to be the "Brookside" residence of Phillips Brooks. This seems to be an early instance of Mary's tendency to be away from home for long periods while promoting some noble cause.

In the interest of conciseness in this account I will refer to my mother as "Maty" and to my grandmother as "Mary".

In preparing this story of the strange career of this remarkable woman, my grandmother Mary, I have to depend almost entirely on a letter received from my cousin Bess. Altho as a child of eight I visited Grandma Mary's house at New Berlin (N.Y.) I learned nothing of her past history. My mother was always extremely reluctant to discuss the latter, because of a lifelong distress over the volcanic event which terminated the marriage of her mother and father.

As has been mentioned in the condensed biography of Zenas Allen, "Bess" is Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop Williams, the daughter of my mother's sister Julia. She had a brilliant career as Professor of Physics in the Department of Education in the University of California. Rather late in life she had a very happy marriage to Professor L. A. Williams, a noted educator. A widow at the age of 81, she now lives at Pacific Grove, California.

I recently wrote to Bess, asking for any details which she has on the lives of Zenas and Mary Allen, particularly the events which led to their divorce. I am here quoting all the essential parts of Bess' reply, with some interpolations by me in parenthesis, and a few changes of wording for the sake of clearness.

"Dear Harold,

"I am sending the Family Bible Record from an old Allen or Wing Bible, which disintegrated during the last move. I took out the record sheets and consigned the rest of the great volume to the incinerator. Many of the birth and death dates you will find here, as well as some data on sundry Wings and Dickinsons. The four little sisters of your mother and mine are in this record.

"During part of their early married life grandfather Zenas and grandmother Mary lived in the small house (on the hill between New Berlin and Pittsfield) which you visited with your mother and I with mine. Grandfather seems to have owned several small house up there and lived in one. How long I do not know. When I went up there (1915) there were only a few grown-over cellar holes remaining. (The house was still standing when I -- H.A.T. -- visited the place in (1893).

"I think also that Grandma Mary went back up there after the smash up. My mother was with her, and I think yours was also, for a time at least. After a time -- how long I do not know -- Maty was sent out to Grand Rapids to live with her father and stepmother. My mother went to Clayville to live with her grandfather Allen and grandmother Sally Van Alstine. She later taught music and art in the New Berlin Academy, where she met and married my father (Irving P. Bishop) who was Principal.

"When the family moved to New Berlin I do not know. Five of the six little girls were born at Paris or Norwich (in a sanitorium there?), and the last one, little Annie (1861) at New Berlin. Grandpa Zenas owned and ran the stage line out of New Berlin, and the family lived there (about 1860) in a pretty white house out on the main street. I remember the white house, the sharp gables and the large green lawn from my visit with my mother there about 1915. My memory is that Grandfather also owned and ran the village hotel, from which the stages ran. It was still standing when I was there -- a two-story affair with two porches across the front. Grandfather seems to have been quite an important figure in the village -- which made the divorce a village sensation which had not completely died out when I was there half-a-lifetime later. Both Julia and Maty were acutely sensitive about it, and its accompanying overtones, and felt the "disgrace" acutely for many more years than necessary. But divorce in those days was no light matter, even when discreet -- which this one was not. Your mother evidently did not retail the lurid details to you, but I picked up the story bit by bit over the years.

"The contrast between this vivid chapter of human emotions, and the mild and sedate -- almost -- stodgy -- aspect of Grandpa Zenas and his second wife as I saw them in 1888 in Grand Rapids, and of Grandma Mary in her mousy gray with lace neck piece and cameo, as I saw her about 1894, was very perplexing to my youthful mind. The youthful find it impossible to visualize their elders in a drama of love, elopement, desertion and despair -- experiences, in their conception of life, belonging exclusively to the young. It is quite a tale in the modern manner. Might even grace a best seller. On second thought, maybe a young modern would take it in his stride. Well, here it is.

"The marriage was an ill-assorted one: Grandpa Zenas a solid, substantial business man, evidently successful in his enterprises. Grandma Mary was a "New Woman" -- of the most emancipated brand. She was in and out of all the fermenting causes of her day, Suffrage, Abolition, Spiritualism. She knew the Fox sisters, and wrote widely in the papers about the spirit world, which was home terrain to her. She even wrote a spiritualistic novel at one time later in life, which she turned over to your mother for publication. It was mediocre writing and, after her death, Maty and I burned it. At various times she went in for Mary Baker Eddy and Christian Science. She was one of the original Bloomer Girls, she had a spell of dabbling in New Thought, not excluding Free Love (I suspect this phase was intellectual only). We have to remember that she lived in central New York, the breeding ground of so many "isms". Probably most of this emancipated living came after the divorce. But the seeds of emancipated thinking must have been there in her married years. A small town did not give her scope for her active intelligence.

"The babies came along rather fast and it was her habit to go to Sanatoria for the blessed events. As the little family grew she left an attractive cousin (Maria Wing) in her place to look after the family while she was away-- Grandpa Zenas and the current crop of kids.

"In due time, human nature being what it is, Grandpa Zenas got fed up, and during one of Grandma's absences, he and the complaisant cousin took off into the wild blue yonder.

"The divorce and re-marriage followed for Zenas. Mary held the remaining (two) children together for a time. Zenas seems to have left most of his worldly goods behind for his wife and children, and to have made an entirely new start in Grand Rapids in the furniture-manufacturing business. He invented the carpet sweeper, and later sold the patent to Bissell. For years we had the first one ever made, called "The Jewel" after my mother whom he always called Jule. I think he also invented the platform rocker; at least he was the early manufacturer and distributor of it. He was prosperous out there. I remember he lived in a large brick house. Our cousin Sumner Allen was the somewhat dessicated fruit of Zenas' second marriage

"Many of Grandma Mary's varied essays into life after the divorce (about the details of which I know nothing) included attempts at earning her living. She was connected at one time with a Seminary for young ladies at Willow Park, out Boston way. Mother was with her there. At another time she took over a "Water Cure" at Dryden Springs, N.Y. Until recently I had her business card from this venture, which called her "Dr. Mary Moore". We had also in the same trunk certain implements and medical books connected with womens' Female Complaints.

"She was an ardent Abolitionist, and at one period was mixed up with a group of "queers", including a certain chap called Beriah Green (Note by H.A.T.: The Bible record shows that he was the minister who officiated at her marriage to Zenas Allen), and a widely-, if not too favorably, known Virginia Woodruff. I forget what that bunch was enthusiastic about, but they were a little on the off-beat side. She got into and out of more "isms" than I can remember. Ferment was in her blood. Quite a live girl was our Grand-mother Mary. In her later years she spent considerable time in Colorado -- I don't know how or why -- but she was a friend ther of Helen Hunt Jackson of "Ramona" fame. She got around.

"I have often thought that the somewhat strict and orthodox views of our two mothers was due in large part to the strictly unorthodox views and actions of Grandma Mary. The girls were no end embarrassed by her.

"As to the Net Moore episode -- it was probably one of her unhappiest adventures, and grew, as so many of her ventures did, out of her big hearted outgoing, sympathetic nature. I do not know just when after the divorce she married him. She met Net Moore -- at that time acting as a female nurse in a Sanitarium -- possibly the one where she acted as head. (Note by H.A.T.: That is; Moore was a transvestite or mental defective whose obsession is to wear the clothes and assume the mannerisms of a person of the opposite sex.) He was one of those unfortunate in-between people, who excited Mary's sympathy. Eventually he changed to men's clothing and in time she married him. You can imagine what a ruckus that kicked up. The marriage was of short duration and ended in divorce. I do not know any of the details. It was after this that she went to Massachusetts. Poor eager, groping waman; what a life she made for herself -- but at least it was not a dull one.

"As for the little girls, our mother's sisters they just died one by one of children's diseases. Mary loved her little ones, and wrote reams of verses to and about them -- and neglected them. But two survivals out of six was a fair average in those days. I think they are buried in the cemetary at New Berlin where, as I remember, we laid Mary beside them.

Ave et vale,
Bess"

Among our family papers I find the following obituary of Grandma Mary, presumably clipped from a New Berlin newspaper.

"DIED. Mrs. Mary W. Moore.

Died at the residence of Lewis Harrington in Pittsfield, Jan. 2, 1895, Mrs. Mary W. Moore, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Moore had lived in this village and vicinity, with intervals of absence, for over thirty years. She was a woman with unusual vigor of intellect, with a keen appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature. She was strong in her convictions and endeavored to be loyal to them. A woman with a warm generous heart whose sympathies for the unfortunate or oppressed sometimes made her the victim of deception. She was abreast of the times in her knowledge of current events, and took a deep interest in the solution of the social and political problems of the day. Though not a member of any church, she enjoyed attending the services of God's house, and was a reverent listener.

She leaves behind her two daughters, Julia, wife of Prof. Bishop of the State Normal School, Buffalo, and Mary, wife of Prof. Thomas of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Both daughters, in response to telegrams, were able to be present during the last hours of her sickness, and with loving hands prepared the body for burial.

The family Record from the old Allen or Wing Bible is as follows:

BIRTHS.

Eason Allen in Exter, R.I., April 3rd, 1799.
Sarah Van Alstine.
Zenas Eason Allen in Paris, N.Y. Nov. 25th, 1825.
Charles Otis Allen in Paris, N.Y.
Eleanor Louisa Allen, Paris, N.Y.
John Wing (4) in Long Plains, Mass. Feb. 11, 1797.
Julia Ann Dickinson, in Litchfield, Conn., Feb. 2, 1807.
Mary Maria Wing in Butternuts, N.Y., May 20, 1828.
Olin Marilla Wing.
Aaron Wing in Unadilla, N.Y., June 20, 1833.
Julia Wing Allen in Paris, N.Y., Sept. 22, 1850.
Genevieve Green Allen in Paris, N.Y., June 30, 1852.
Mary Eleanor Allen in Paris, April 22, 1854.
Theodora Anderson Allen, in Paris, July 26, 1856.
Lizzie Green Allen, in Norwich, Chenango Co., July 19, 1859.
Annie Burch Allen, at New Berlin, N.Y., May 23, 1861.
Roy Allen Bishop at Dryden, N.Y., June 16, 1877.
Bessie Louise Bishop at Perry, N.Y., Nov. 17, 1879.
Harold Thomas, July 24, 1885.
Paul Thomas, April 17, 1889.

MARRIAGES.

In Guilford, John Wing and Julia A. Dickerson, Dec. 27, 1826.
At Whiteside, Zenas E. Allen to Mary M. Wing, Dec. 27, 1848.
At New Berlin, N.Y., Prof. Irving P. Bishop and Julia W. Allen, Nov. 24, 1875.
At Grand Rapids, Mich., Prof. Calvin Thomas and Mary Eleanor Allen,
June 16, 1884.
At Utica, N.Y., Lewis Lunrb (?) and Olive Marilla Wing, July 29, 1860.
At Long Beach, Cal., Roy Allen Bishop and Mary Beatrice Conboy, March, 1904.
At Berkeley, Cal., Elizabeth Bishop to Lester A. Williams, June 18, 1938.
At Seattle, Wn., Harold A. Thomas to Katherine M. Sass, Feb. 5, 1910.

DEATHS.

John Wing in Pittsfield, N.Y., May 21, 1854. (Age 57)
Julia Ann Wing in Paris, N.Y., July 2, 1861. (Age 54)
Eason Allen at Clayville, N.Y., Feb. 22, 1875. (Age 76)
Sarah Van Alstine Allen at Clayville, June 1881.
Eleanor Allen Townsend at Rome, May, 1881.
Mary Wing Allen Moore, at Pittsfield, N.Y. Jan 2, 1895. (Age 67)
Zenas E. Allen in Grand Rapids, Mich. Nov. 2, 1902 (Age 77)
Theodora A. Allen in Paris, Oct. 23, 1856. (Age 1)

Genevieve Green Allen, at New Berlin, May 16, 1859.	(Age 7)
Annie Burch Allen, at New Berlin, May 26, 1862.	(Age 1)
Lizzie G. Allen, at Canastota, N.Y., Sept. 14, 1867.	(Age 8)
Irving P. Bishop, at Burlington Flats, N.Y., April 12, 1913.	
Julia Allen Bishop, at Santa Barbara, Cal., Jan. 24, 1937.	(Age 86)
Paul Thomas, June 1, 1930.	(Age 41)
Mary Allen Thomas, at Pittsburgh, Pa. April 18, 1940	(Age 86)
Roy Allen Bishop, May 28, 1958, at Reno Nev.	(Age 80)

JOHAN SASS

Father of
Charles John Sass

Grandfather of Katherine Marie Sass (Thomas)

Data compiled by H.A.T. in 1961

Johan Sass was born in 1824 at Malchin, in the province of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, Germany. This town is in the extreme eastern portion of Mecklenberg, on the border between that province and Pomerania. He was married twice. The name of the first wife was Sophia Hansen. She died October 16, 1865, before the family emigrated to America. The name of the second wife was Christina Peterson. She was 28 years old at the time of her marriage. The latter took place three months after the death of the first wife "for economic reasons", presumably care of the children.

The children of Johan Sass Were:

By first wife:

Frederick. Never married. Died Sioux City or Nebraska.

Charles John. Born March 24, 1852 at Zuglitz, Mecklenberg, Germany.

Married Fredricka Elizabeth Zimmerman, September 11, 1870 at Lansing Iowa. Died February 14, 1921 at Sioux City, Iowa.

Fredericka. Born 1854, in Mecklenberg, Married Julius Kletke at South Bend, Indiana. Died July 1939 at South Bend, Indiana.

Wilhelmina. Born 1858 in Mecklenberg. Married Henry Trier. They lived at Schermerville, Illinois.

Sophia. Born 1858 in Mecklenberg. Married William Noll. Died 1920 at Chicago, Illinois.

By second wife: Wilhelm, 1866; Carrie, 1867; Mary, 1868; Annie, 1869.

Frederick came to America about 1867. Charles John came in 1869.

(see his condensed biography). In 1871 these two brothers sent money

for their father, stepmother, three sisters, three small step sisters and one small step brother to come to America. They went directly from the boat to Lansing Iowa. The father contracted small pox on the boat and died later at Lansing, Iowa. We do not have a record of the date of his death, which could not have been earlier than 1871.

SOPHIE HANSEN

First wife
of
Johan Sass

Grandmother of Katherine Marie Sass (Thomas)

She was born in 1820 and died in 1865 (before her children emigrated to America). We have no further information about her. See above biography of her husband Johan Sass.

JOHAN FREDERICK ZIMMERMAN

Son of
John Adam Zimmerman and Regina Rosina Zipperle

Father of Fredricka Elizabeth Zimmerman

Grandfather of Katherine Marie Sass Thomas

Data compiled by H.A.T. in 1961

Johan Frederick Zimmermann was born Aug. 14, 1810, in Illingen, in the province of Wurttemberg, Germany. The "Johan" in his name is omitted in the records from American sources, but appears in the church record received from Germany. His religion was "Evangelical". He married Ana Katherine Halzhey in 1841.

"Frederick Zimmerman was a wagon maker. He came from Illingen (near Stuttgart), Wurttemberg, Germany. He came to America in a sailboat which took 59 days to cross. They came in 1866 when his daughter Fredricka was twelve years old. The family went direct from the boat to Lansing, Iowa. His family were all farmers." He died in 1883, at the age of 73. (For his children see his wife's record below).

ANA KATHERINA HALZHEY (ZIMMERMAN) Generation -2

Wife of
Johan Fredrick Zimmerman

Mother of Fredricka Elizabeth Zimmerman

Grandmother of Katherine Marie Sass (Thomas)

The "Ana" in her name is omitted in the records from American sources, but appears in the church records received from Germany.

She was born Feb. 16, 1816 at Illingen, Wurttemberg, Germany.

She married Frederick Zimmerman in 1841.

She died on Jan. 19, 1911, at Lansing Ridge, Iowa, at the age of 95.

Her obituary in the Sioux City German newspaper states that: (Somewhat inexpert translation by H.A.T.) "On last Thursday afternoon there died at Lansing, Iowa, our esteemed fellow-citizeness, Mrs. Katherine Zimmerman, at the great age of 94 years, 11 months and 3 days, as a result of the weakness of old age. The death came not unexpectedly since the deceased had already been sickening for two years, and her strength diminished daily until the sick one went quietly to sleep on last Thursday.

"The deceased was born on February 16, 1816 at Illingen, Wurttemberg, Germany. In 1841 she married Mr. Frederick Zimmerman, and in 1866 the married pair emigrated to America, where they settled on a farm at Lansing Ridge, Iowa. There they endured all the hardships of an Iowa pioneer's life, but it finally came about that through work and endurance they became prosperous. The marriage produced five daughters and one son, of whom one daughter, Mrs. Rosina Mattern, died at the age of 27. Mr. Zimmerman died in the year 1883 and his widow managed the farm until she later went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Jacob Spieler, near Lansing, in whose home she later died. She left behind five daughters and one son: Mrs. Rosina Mattern, Mrs. Johanna Englehorn, Mrs. Charles Sass and Mr. Fritz Zimmerman. She had 23 grandchildren and 23 greatgrandchildred." In addition to these six children, the church record from Germany states that she also had four more children, two of whom died in infancy.

Katherine Thomas states that her grandmother, Katherina Zimmerman, was very short in stature. She was very lively and energetic, and this quality persisted even into her old age. In 1899 when Katherine visited her aunt, Mrs. Spieler (in the Lansing district), the grandmother was 83 years old, but, in order not to miss seeing her grand-daughter, the old lady set off alone on a hot summer's day and walked the sixteen miles from her farm to the Spieler home.

The children of Frederick and Katherina Zimmerman are:

1. Katherine, born ? at Illingen, Wurttemberg, Germany. Married J. Merschel. Died August 1919.
2. Johanna, born 1846 at Illingen. Married John Englehorn. Died 1914 near Wagner, South Dakota.
3. Frederick, born ? at Illingen. Died 1917 at Lansing, Iowa.
4. Rosina, born ? at Illingen. Said to have been very beautiful. Married Madden at Lansing.
5. Louisa, born 1853 at Illingen. Married Jacob Spieler (as his second wife). Died 1932 at Lansing.
6. Fredericka Elizabeth, born November 14, 1854, at Illingen. Married Charles John Sass, September 11, 1879 at Lansing. Died May 24, 1916.

CALVIN PECK THOMAS

Son of
Stephen Thomas and Mina Peck

Father of Stephen Van Renssalaer Thomas

Great grandfather of Harold A. Thomas

Data compiled by H.A.T. in 1961

Calvin Peck Thomas was born at Pompey, N.Y. on September 2, 1805.

He married Hannah G. Grimes on October 22, 1826.

He died at Lapeer, Michigan on October 11, 1848, at the age of 43.

Prior to 1847 he lived at Pompey, Onandaga Co., N.Y. He emigrated to Michigan in 1847 and lived in or near Oxford in Oakland Co. This town is about 16 miles south of Lapeer. The town of Thomas, Michigan, was named after him. (Note by H.A.T.: According to my memory this was a station a few miles north of Oxford on the Michigan Central Railroad). He was killed by a falling tree.

HANNAH G. GRIMES

Generation -3

Wife of
Calvin Peck Thomas

She was born October 4, 1808.

Died March 16, 1885 at Lapeer, Michigan at the age of 77.

She had eight sisters. No further information is available.

She and Calvin had eight children: Homer A., Stephen Van Renssalaer, John W., Calvin Peck, Charlotte E., Hanna Amelia, Quincy A., Cassius M.

Note by H.A.T. I have a personal memory of one of these brothers of my grandfather -- Uncle Quincy, the black sheep of the family. When I was about 8th-grade age, Uncle Quincy called on my father at New York. At that time Quincy had a job as the "Wild Man of Borneo" in a side show at Coney Island. Letting his hair and beard grow long, taking off all his clothes except a scrap of leather around his waist, and rubbing plenty of dirt into his skin, he went into a strongly-barred cage, where his act was to gnaw on bones, growl, fly into simulated rages and howl at the spectators. He "borrowed" five dollars from my father and we never saw him again.

STEPHEN LORD

Father of
Caroline Louisa Lord (Thomas)

Great grandfather of Harold Allen Thomas

Stephen Lord was born in 1806 in Saratoga Co., N.Y. He lived at Sheridan, Chautauqua, N.Y. (1830). This town is on the south shore of Lake Erie near Dunkirk. The uncompleted autobiography of Calvin Thomas states that Stephen Lord was a blacksmith. He married Caroline Badger in 1825. They came to Michigan in about 1835 and settled in Oakland County. Presumably their home was in the western part of this county, since their daughter, Caroline Louisa Lord, was married at Goodrich, which is just outside of the west border of Oakland Co. The date of his death is not available, but a doubtful annotation in our record suggests that this date may be 1850.

Caroline Badger lived at Cooperstown, Otsego County, N.Y.

This couple had the following children:

Caroline Louisa Lord. Born October 21, 1830 at Sheridan, Chautauqua Co., N.Y.

Married Stephen Van R. Thomas in 1850. Died December 8, 1812.

Owen Morell Lord. Born 1826. Married Margaret Benning in 1848 at Oxford, Michigan. Died 1906 in Minnesota, at the age of 80.

Magail Lord. Born 1828. Died young.

EASON ALLEN

Generation -3

Father of
Zenas Eason Allen

Son of Joseph Allen and Sarah J. Tillinghast

Great grandfather of Harold Allen Thomas

Condensed biography prepared by H.A.T. in 1961

I (H.A.T.) find this pencil memorandum in my mother's handwriting, presumably copied from a newspaper obituary of Eason Allen:

"ALLEN, Clayville, N.Y. February 20, 1875. (Died) Mr. Eason Allen in the 75th year of his age.

"Mr. Allen was born in Exter, Washington County, R.I. on April 30, 1799. He was next to youngest of nine brothers and the last surviving one of ten children, nearly all of whom came to this State and settled. He came to this State (New York) about the year 1818 and divided his time between Penns Hollow and Lenox, Madison County, working at the trade of pattern making for those places. (Note by H.A.T.: I cannot find either of these places on any map in my possession. They were presumably in the vicinity of present Clayville). He was married at Lenox, N. Y. September 5, 1824, to Miss Sarah Van Alstine of that place, with whom he lived most happily for more than half a century, and who survives him. For many years he had charge of the carpenter shop at the old Paris Furnace, under Co. Avery. This place was afterward called Allenville, after him, and still later named Clayville. He afterwards became a builder and put up many houses on the east side of Main Street at this place (Clayville). One of them was known as the Union House which he kept as a public house for 7 or 8 years. He was for two or three terms Postmaster here (Clayville), ten or a dozen years in all. Mr. Allen was not a politician but in early times voted with the Whig party and later with the Republicans. He was a quiet peaceable man; never was a party to a lawsuit and never was disposed to crowd his claims or opinions on others.

"He experienced religion in early life and about the year 1828 was baptized and united with the Baptist church of Cassville, of which he remained a constant and consistent member until the day of his death. He was noted for the benevolence of his character and the cheerfulness of his temperament and for warm sociability and quiet humor in the family circle and among intimate friends. He leaves two sons, Zenas E. and Charles Otis, both of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and a daughter, Mrs. John Townsend of Rome, N.Y."

Sarah Van Alstine was said to be a lineal descendent of King William the Silent of Holland.

Eason Allen was related to Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, but the exact detail of this relationship seems to be lost.

JOHN WING (4)

Generation -3

Father of
Mary Maria Wing (Allen) (Moore)

Son of Aaron Wing and Deborah Dillingham

Great grandfather of Harold Allen Thomas

John Wing was born February 11, 1797, in Long Plains, Massachusetts.

Julia Ann Dickinson, his wife was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, February 2, 1807. They were married in Guildford N.Y. May 21, 1854. They had three children, Mary Maria, Olive and Aaron J.

This couple probably lived on the inherited Wing farm at Laurens, Otsego Co., N.Y. but there is also a possibility that they may have moved to Pittsfield, a few miles away, where the husband died.

John Wing died in Pittsfield, N.Y. May 21, 1854, at the age of 67.

Julia Ann Wing died in Paris, N.Y. July 2, 1861, at the age of 54.

STEPHEN THOMAS

Generation -4

Father of Calvin Peck Thomas.

Great grandfather of Harold A. Thomas

Born about 1778 in Connecticut.

Died about 1867 at Lapeer, Mich. at the age of 89.

Married to Mina Peck about 1802 in Connecticut.

Lived at Pompey, Onandaga Co., N.Y. and later in Lapeer Co., Mich.

He is buried at Oxford, Mich.

We do not have a record of the date of his emigration from New York to Michigan, but it is presumably the same year, 1847, in which his son Calvin Peck Thomas made the same emigration.

MINA PECK (THOMAS)

Generation -4

Wife of Steven Thomas.

Great grandmother of Harold A. Thomas.

Died in 1863 in Illinois.

She and Steven had nine children: John, Calvin Peck, Harvey, Alonzo, Daniel, Marie L., Caroline, Louisa, one other

JOSEPH ALLEN

Generation -4

Father of Eason Allen

Great great grandfather of Harold A. Thomas.

(Dates of birth and death not available).

Lived at Greenwich R.I. and Exter, R.I.

Married Sarah Tillinghast "of Rhode Island" about 1780.

She died at Cassville, Oneida Co. N.Y.

The last item implies that this was the couple who brought about the migration of our branch of the Allen family from Rhode Island to New York. As mentioned in the biography of their son, Eason Allen, this migration occurred about 1818.

Our records contain this memorandum: "Joseph Allen was a farmer in moderate circumstances. He and his wife were Baptists. Both arrived at an old age. His family was descended from Ethan Allen."

This couple had ten children as follows: 1. Sarah Allen, born 1871, married John Tillinghast (of Rhode Island), died 1852. 2. Benjamin T. Allen, born 1783, died 1830. 3. John Allen, born 1785, died 1855. 4. Stephen Allen, born 1787, died 1858 at Batavian N.Y. 5. Joseph Allen, born 1790, died 1870 at Orleans, N.Y. 6. Charles Allen, born 1792 at Greenwich R.I., married (a) Katherine N. Allen (a cousin) (b) Harriet M. Greene (1813--1893) of Bridgewater N.Y. Died 1872 at Lenox, N.Y. 7. Jonas Allen, born 1794, died 1854 in the west. 8. Center Allen, born 1796, died 1863. 9. Eason Allen, born April 3, 1794 at Exter, R.I. married Sarah Van Alstine Sept. 5, 1824 at Lenox, N.Y., died Feb. 20, 1875 at Clayville, N.Y. 10. George Allen, born 1891, died 1851 at Lenox, Madison Co., N.Y. at the age of 81.

AARON WING

Generation -4

Son of John Wing (3) and Elizabeth Rogers.

Father of John Wing (4)

Great great grandfather of Harold A. Thomas.

Born July 8, 1768.

Died Sept. 29, 1849 at the age of 81 at "Butternuts" (modern Laurens), Otsego Co., N.Y.

Married Deborah Dillingham of Long Plains, Bristol Co., Mass.

She was born in 1768, died Nov. 7, 1847 at Morris, Otsego Co., N.Y. at the age of 79.

They had 11 children: Rebecca, Elizabeth, Edward, John (4), Stephen, Mary, Joseph, Asa, Harvey, Aaron, Samuel.

This couple undoubtedly lived on the inherited Wing farm near Laurens, Otsego Co. N.Y.

"JUDGE" BENJAMIN TILLINGHAST

Generation -5

Son of John Tillinghast and Sarah Green.

Father of Sarah Tillinghast (the mother of Eason Allen).

Born 1726; Died July 18, 1817, at the age of 91

Married Sarah James, born 1730, died Sept 27, 1808, at the age of 78

JOHN WING (3)

Generation -5

Son of Edward Wing and Rebecca Slocum.

Father of Aaron Wing.

Born Oct. 6, 1735. Died Aug. 25, 1801, at the age of 66.

Married Elizabeth Rogers. They were second cousins, both being great grandchildren of Stephen Wing. They had five children: Aaron, Sarah, Edward, John and Sands.

We find these two memoranda in the family records: (1) "After his marriage John Wing lived for a while at Scorton (East Sandwich) Mass., but finally settled at Butternuts, Otsego Co., N.Y., where he purchased 1000 acres on which he and his children have lived ever since". (2) A note in the handwriting of my mother, Mary Eleanor Thomas, states that "John Wing lived at Lawrence N.Y.". From these two memoranda we can deduce that the Wing farm was located at the place now known as Laurens, situated in the south central part of Otsego County. This deduction is strengthened by the nearness of this place to other villages whose names appear in the biographies of John Wing's descendants: Pittsfield, New Berlin and Morris.

JOHN TILLINGHAST

Generation -6

Son of Pavelon Tillinghast (2) and Mary Keech.

Father of Benjamin Tillinghast.

Born 1690. Died Oct. 21, 1777, at the age of 87.

Married Phoebe Green, born May 10, 1693; died May 27, 1733, at the age of 40.

EDWARD WING

Generation -6

Son of John Wing (2) and Mary Perry.

Father of John Wing (3).

Born May 3, 1690. Died Feb. 22, 1772, at the age of 82.

Married Rebecca (Bennett) Slocum on July 25, 1734. She was the widow of Pelek Slocum of Dartmouth, born 1696, died Jan. 27, 1781, at the age of 85.

They had four children: Edward, John, Mary, Anna.

"Mrs. Rebecca Wing was said to have been remarkable for her quick apprehension, her clear and sound judgment and the universal respect which she commanded".

PAVELON TILLINGHAST (2)

Generation -7

Son of "Elder" Pavelon Tillinghast (1).

Father of John Tillinghast.

Born Feb. 16, 1666. Died Feb. 4, 1726, at the age of 60.

Married Mary Keech, born 1670; died Feb. 4, 1726.

JOHN WING (2)

Son of Stephen Wing and Sarah Briggs.

Father of Edward Wing.

Born October 25, 1661. Died ?

Lived at Scorton Neck (Sandwich), Mass.

Married Mary Perry Nov. 21, 1685. She was the daughter of Edward Perry.

"Elder" Pavelon Tillinghast (1)

Generation -8

Father of Pavelon Tillinghast (2).

Born 1622. Died January 29, 1718, at the age of 96

Married Lydia Taylor, born 1640; died 1720, at the age of 80.

"Elder Tillinghast was born near Beachy Head near Eastbourne, Dusses County England, 1622, and came to Providence R.I. November 19, 1643, when he received a grant of land and thus made a freeman and voter, May 19, 1645.

"He was a merchant and built the first dock and warehouse at Providence, and started the first trade with other ports and the Indias.

"He was also an Elder of the first Baptist Society at Providence, R.I., which was the first Baptist Society in America and started by Roger Williams in 1638.

"Elder Pavelon Tillinghast at death of Mr. Olney was made Pastor of the Society. Once in 1698, the Society having been in existence 60 years and not during that time had a house to hold meetings in, such being held in the open air or in private dwellings, he at his own expense and on his own land erected the first Meeting House and gave it to the Society, which Society still exists now in 1890 at Providence."

STEPHEN WING

Generation -8

Son of John Wing (1) and Deborah Bachiller.

Father of John Wing (2).

Born before 1628, Died April 24, 1710, at the age of 82.

Married Sarah Briggs at Sandwich, Mass. (second wife).

They had nine children: Stephen, John (2), Abigail, Elisha, Ebenezer, Matthew, Joseph, Benjamin.

Deborah Bachiller was the daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachiller.

JOHN WING (1)

Generation -9

Father of Stephen Wing.

Married Deborah Bachiller before 1628. She was the daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachiller and was born in England.

They had four children: Daniel, John, Stephen, Matthew.

REV. STEPHEN BACHILLER

Generation -10

Father of Deborah Bachiller.
Born in England

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE WING ANCESTORS

Since the foregoing pages were written, an unsigned manuscript, dated 1867, giving the following additional information about the Wing ancestors in the Thomas family tree, has been found among the papers of my mother, Eleanor Allen Thomas. The writer is obviously a member of the Wing family, presumably a close relative and contemporary of my grandmother Mary Wing Allen. The numbering of generations has been changed to conform to the system used elsewhere in these pages.

Generation -9. John Wing (1), the first of the name of whom we have any record, married Deborah Bachiler, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Bachiler in England. The latter had four children and Deborah was the oldest child. He and a little company of six persons -- comprising his church, and consisting of John Wing and wife and others -- removed to Holland on account of religious persecution, where they lived several years; then, returning to England, embarked for America March 9, 1632.

They arrived in Boston June 5, 1632, after a tedious passage, and on the next day they went to (Saugus) Lynn. They remained there until the winter of 1637-8 when the Rev. Bachiler, John Wing and others went on foot to Yarmouth (on the south shore of Cape Cod Bay) to form a settlement, but being far from neighbors and not having the necessities for that object, they returned to Lynn in the spring; but the next year, upon the settlement of Sandwich (on the southwest shore of Cape Cod Bay), John Wing removed there and settled.

The first three children of John and Deborah Wing, born before they left England, are: Daniel Wing of Sandwich, John Wing of Yarmouth and Stephen Wing of Sandwich. It is supposed that there were several younger children.

In Geneal. Reg. 18, 257, it is seen that in 1643 these three sons are enrolled among those able to bear arms; so that the youngest must have been born before 1628.

In the history of Barnstable by Amos Otis, it is stated that John Wing, son-in-law of Rev. S. Bachiler, was a man of skill and energy.

In the Genealogical Dictionary, by James Savage, it is stated that John Wing's brother, Daniel Wing of Sandwich, favored the Quakers and that not a few of his descendents adhered to them. (Note by H.A.T. My mother Eleanor Allen Thomas, during her childhood attended Quaker meetings with her Wing relatives).

Generation -8. Stephen Wing and Sarah Briggs were married Dec. 7, 1654. Their children were: Stephen, Sarah. John (2) born Sept. 25, 1661, Abigail. Elisha, Ebenezer born Dec. 5, 1671, Matthew. Sarah (Briggs) Wing died Jan. 26, 1681.

It appears by two deeds dated Dec. 20, 1687, that Stephen Wing by one deed gave to his son John Wing and his daughter-in-law Mary his wife, "for the love and affection he had in his heart for them", a certain parcel of marsh meadow land laying on Scorton Neck and bounded as follows etc. And Edward Perry by another deed gave "to my son-in-law John Wing and unto my daughter Mary his wife, a certain parcel or marsh meadow laying on Scorton Neck and bounded etc.

It appears by another deed that John Wing removed to Portsmouth, R.I. "The said John Wing of Portsmouth in the Colony of R.I. and Providence plantations, in consideration of the sum of two thousand, two hundred pounds, lawful money, paid by Edward Wing of Sandwich Co., Barnstable; sold to son Edward Wing, all of his eight lots of land lying upon Scorton Neck, etc. This deed is dated the seventh day of May, 1730.

Generation -7 John Wing (2), son of Stephen and Sarah (Briggs)Wing, was married to Mary Perry, daughter of Edward Perry at his home July 22, 1686. Their children were: Deborah, Edward born March 3, 1690, Sarah, John.

Ebenezer Wing. Son of Stephen and Sarah (Briggs) Wing, Younger brother of John Wing (2). No information in this manuscript.

Generation -6. Edward Wing, son of John Wing (2) and Mary Perry Wing was married to Rebecca Slocum of Dartmouth May 5, 1733. Their children are: Edward, John (3) born Aug. 16, 1736, Mary, Anna. Rebecca Slocum was a widow when she married Edward Wing -- her maiden name was Rebecca Bennett of Newport. Edward Wing died Feb. 1772 in his 82nd year. Rebecca died Jan. 22, 1781 in her 83rd year. She met with a severe accident a few years previous to her death, which she bore with Christian patience. She was thrown from a horse and fractured her thigh, which confined her to her chair and bed.

Generation -5. John Wing (3), son of Edward and Rebecca (Slocum) Wing married Elizabeth Rogers, daughter of John and Sarah (Wing) Rogers. Their children were: Aaron born July 8, 1768, Sarah, Edward, John, Sands. Elizabeth Wing died Nov. 5, 1825.

Generation -4. Aaron Wing married Deborah Dillingham of Long Plains, and settled at Butternuts (now Laurens) Otsego Co., N.Y. (They are the grandparents of Mary Maria Wing (Allen) the grandmother of Harold Thomas).

Aaron's brother John (not in direct line of descent of H.A.T., married Rebecca (Proud) Davis of New Bedford. They had one son, Henry, who was the owner of the ancestral Wing homestead at Sandwich in 1867 when this manuscript was written, including the following paragraph.

He (Henry Wing) at this date -- March 1867 -- still owns the homestead and occupied the family mansion which is in good repair and is a fine residence. It stands nearly three-quarters of a mile from the beach on Scorton Neck, and,

according to good authority, was built 180 years ago. It wakens thrilling emotions, as we sit by the hospitable fireside, at evening, to think that here our forefathers sat -- and to be shown the seat in the corner, within ample jams, where the Africans -- Peter and Paul -- Massachusetts slaves, used to sit and smoke their pipes. And to go about the fields which our ancestors tilled and remember that here the dread of British Cruisers in the War of 1812 fell on them; here the Revolution with its lulls and tempests passed by; and farther back the Indian wars in which King Philip and Capt. Church take their places. There are Indian reminders on the farm --- cellars of their wigwams, Fort Hill where a battle was fought, and often relics beneath the soil.

